VOL. CCX, No. 2744

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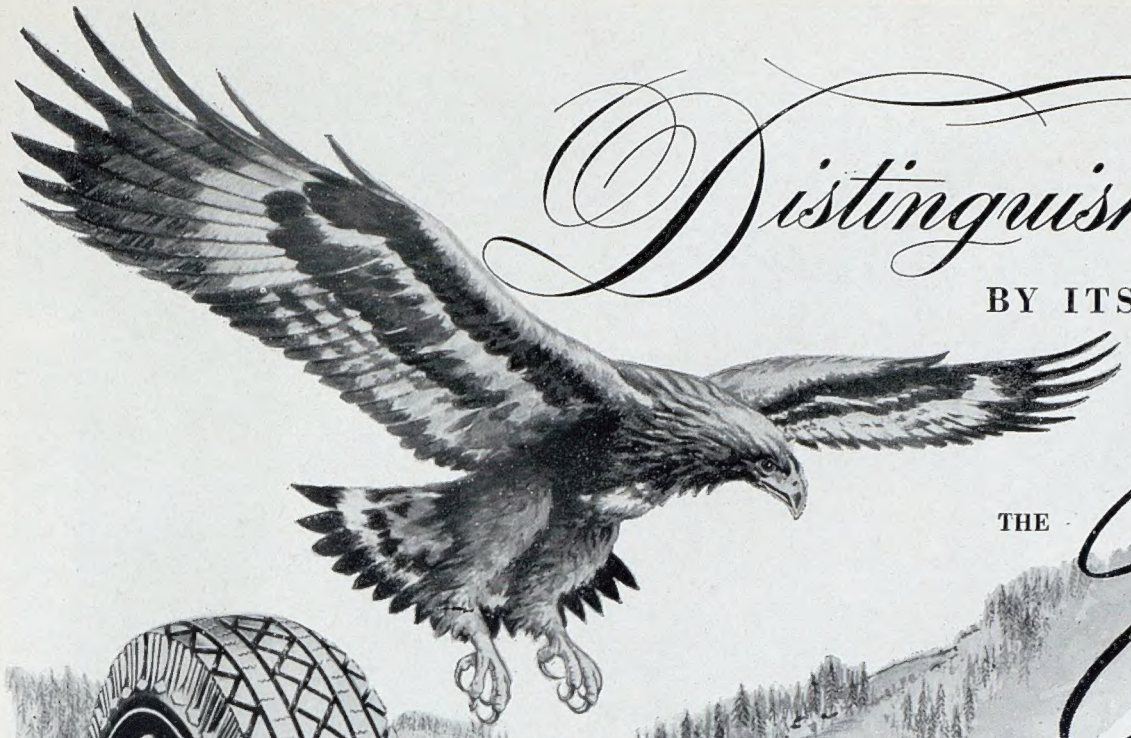

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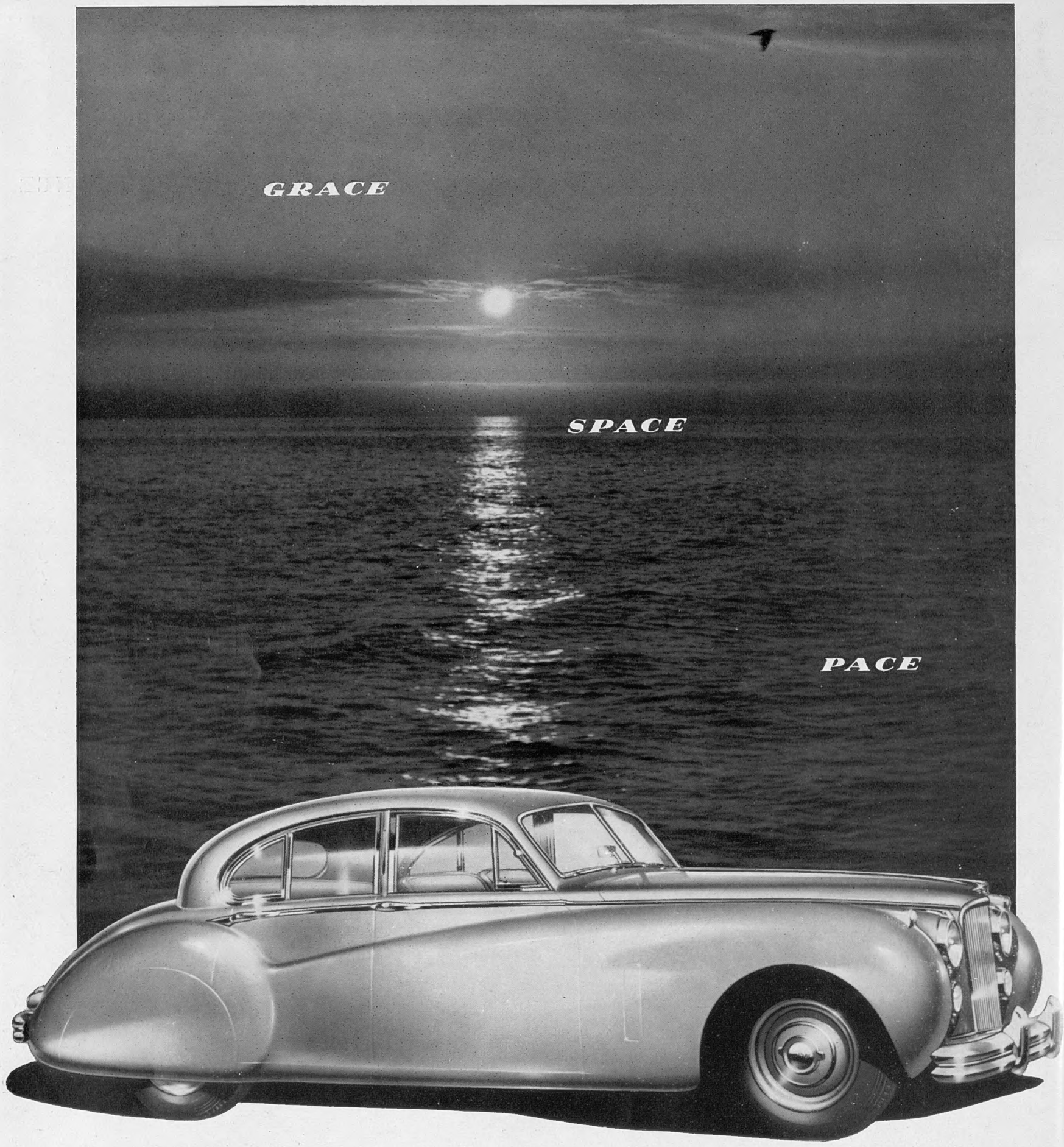

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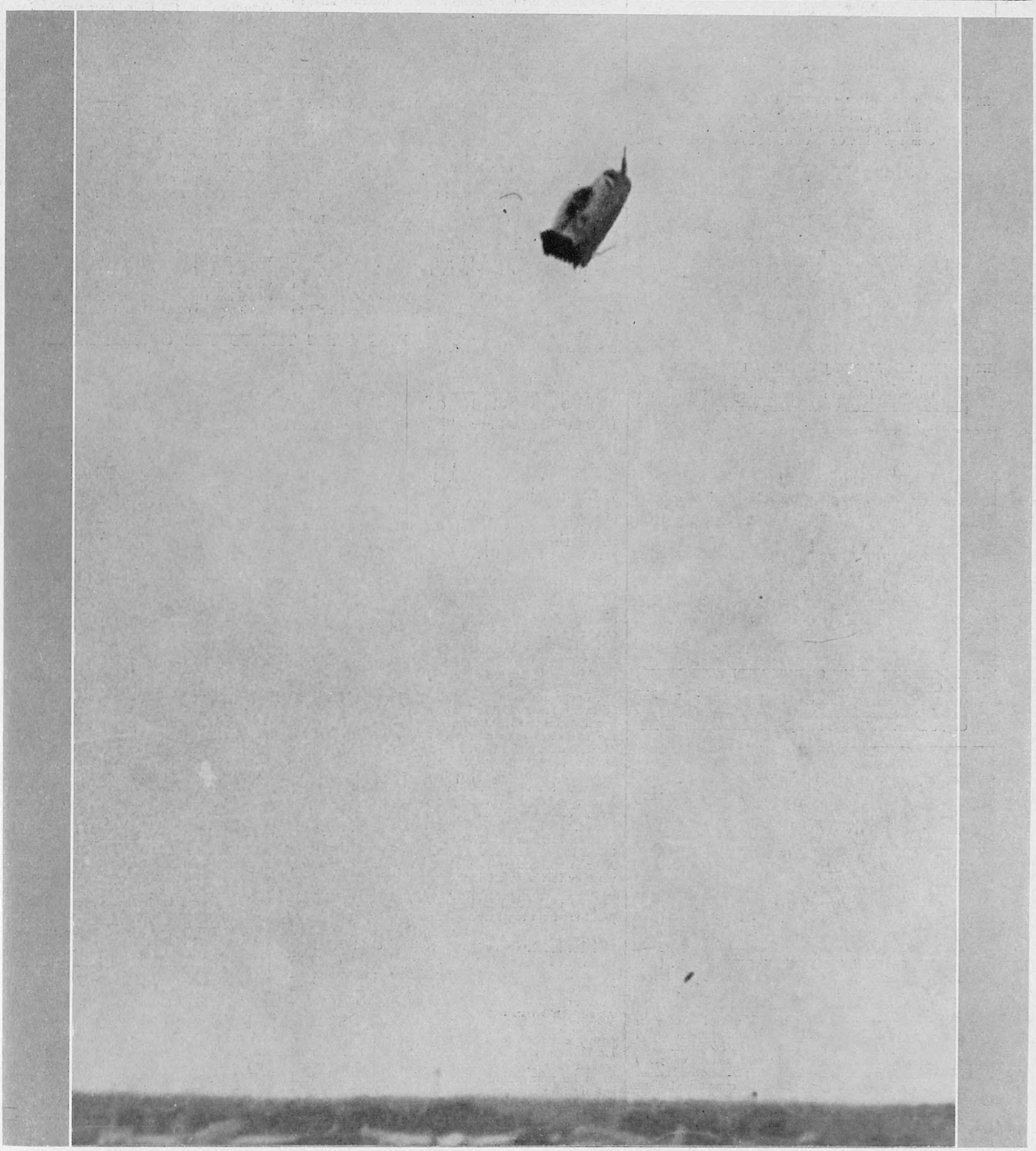
Volume CCX No. 2744

The SPHERE, London, September 13, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC



THE DISASTER AT FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW—THE FALLING FUSELAGE OF THE ILL-FATED DE HAVILLAND 110 JET FIGHTER: While climbing for a second dive through the sonic barrier the aircraft disintegrated. The two engines were hurled forward. The one which fell among the spectators packed on a hill caused the most casualties. The fuselage of the plane fell some way from the enclosures. Near it were found the bodies of John Derry and his observer, Tony Richards.

The break-up in mid-flight of the de Havilland 110, the first two-seat aircraft to fly faster than sound, brought to a tragic climax the Farnborough Show of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, the pilot John Derry, his observer, Tony Richards, and twenty-six spectators losing their lives; the plane wreckage cascading to the ground. Only an hour before the crash Derry had changed over from the black-painted D.H. 110 in which he had burst through the sound barrier earlier in the week, and had flown over to Hatfield to pick up the grey reserve machine. He then went on to Farnborough, climbed to about 40,000 ft. and began his supersonic dive in the presence of 130,000 spectators. Within seconds there came the reverberating double crack as the plane passed the barrier. Derry straightened out, flew low over the airfield, turned and started a second run. Suddenly, at a height of 900 ft., the plane began to break up. The engines tore away from the disintegrating fuselage. One ploughed through the crowd, and the other bounced into a car park. Minutes later, while a heavy cloud of dust hung over the scene, ambulances came up and helpers worked around the crater where so many injured and shattered bodies lay. After a short break the remainder of the show went on. The show ended last Sunday amid low cloud and rain. It had been at one and the same time the most brilliant and the most tragic ever held. (See pages 372, 373 and 374.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

"THE SPHERE" GOLF CHALLENGE CUP

THE WINNER OF THE 1952 "SPHERE" GOLF CHALLENGE CUP: Mr. W. C. Nisbett, Managing Director of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, presents the cup to Mr. J. Grant, of Inveresk Paper Company. Mr. Grant won the Cup with a score of 70.

THE COMPETITORS AT THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS GOLF MEETING: This group, seen at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, Richmond, includes many prominent people both in the publishing and business world. There were sixty-eight guests.

THE VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE COMPANY WITH THREE GUESTS: Mr. Charles Snelling (right) seen in company with Mr. H. A. Oughton, Chairman of W. S. Crawford; Mr. E. T. M. Smalley, a Director of Smee's Limited, and winner of last year's Challenge Cup, and Mr. H. Tingay, Managing Director of Newnes Ltd.

MR. ANGUS C. S. IRWIN AND MR. L. T. SAWNEY: Mr. Irwin is a director of Illustrated Newspapers Limited and Mr. Sawney Chairman of Thermos Limited.

On Friday of last week the directors of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, proprietors of THE SPHERE, held their annual Invitation Golf Meeting at Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond. This event has taken place every year (with the exception of the war years) since 1926, and many prominent figures in the publishing and business worlds gather at the club to take part in the medal competition for THE SPHERE Challenge Cup. This year the cup was won by Mr. John Grant with a nett score of 70, while Mr. J. Kingston was runner-up with a score of 71. A special prize for the best score under handicap for nine secret holes was won by Mr. K. H. Jessup. Mr. R. Bett and Mr. G. P. Jackson took first prize in the Two Ball Bogey Foursomes.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Mossadeq's Bluffs.—I must confess I was as pleased as surprised when Mossadeq contemptuously refused the Churchill-Truman proposals for settlement. But it is not likely that my pleasure will last, for either Mossadeq will be compelled to think again or the Western negotiators will increase their extraordinarily generous offer. And, surely, badly as we may need a settlement, this offer was of the humiliating kind so often and so foolishly made with the dictators of the last war. First of all, the offer condoned or forgave the barefaced theft of the Abadan refineries. Having done that, it proposed to pour in American dollars to stave off Persia's bankruptcy and to make all sorts of concessions on our part to assist the moving of oil supplies. And in return . . . what? Persia was asked to agree to submit to the International Court the question of compensation for the theft (now called acquisition) of the refineries. A pretty remote and oblique *quid pro quo*. The Court might reject jurisdiction. It might award trivial compensation. If it awarded a tithe of what we have lost by the theft, Persia couldn't pay, and probably wouldn't pay if she could. She would remember the Albanian award, still unpaid, and she realises very well that there is no sanction capable of enforcing payment of the International Court's awards. It is difficult to understand Messrs. Churchill and Eden resuming the deplorable practice of buying-off or bargaining with dictators. Not so long ago they both branded the folly, the cowardice, the danger of such diplomacy. Is it then America's obsession with the risk of Communist exploitation of bankrupt States that compelled us to join in so sorry, so humiliating, so futile an offer? For indeed the new humiliation is felt by many of us even more keenly than the original injustice.

The Battle of Morecambe.—Battles, particularly political battles, often look more formidable and ferocious when the troops are massing than when engaged. It may be that the coming battle of Morecambe will end in a puff of smoke, a few sniper's bullets and a burst of self-congratulation by a temporarily regummed party. At the end of August the war correspondents prepared us for a bitter internecine struggle for majority on the Executive Committee. There are seven constituency seats. Mr. Bevan can rely on the support of Mr. Mikardo, Mr. Driberg and Mrs. Castle. Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wilson may or may not join their ranks. But before that Mr. Bevan and his three faithful adherents must ensure their own positions on the Executive, and the Attleeites have strong candidates in the field—Morrison, Dalton, the peacemaker, Griffiths, Gaitskell, Jay and Robens, Strachey and Noel-Baker, and Shinwell, prepared for a come-back. There are, indeed, nearly thirty candidates in the field from the two camps to fill the seven seats. It is anybody's guess whether A or B will secure a majority or, for that matter, whether in the event it will prove to be a matter of majorities when the votes are cast and counted. It may be that the liquid glue of oratory will dry and join the pieces together again.

Straffen.—The trials of the child murderer Straffen suggest that the Macnaughten rules will be reconstituted as the Straffen rules. Let us hope they will not be so obscure. At the age of ten Straffen was certified as a mental defective and sent to a home. At sixteen he was discharged as over-age but still a defective. He became a messenger boy. He fell to crime, was again certified and sent to an institution. He broke out twice, once with violence. In 1951 he was let out on licence and went to live with his parents. Then he murdered his first child victim. His trial ended with a sentence to Broadmoor. That meant that he was not responsible for his actions, did not know that he was doing wrong. He escaped from Broadmoor at the end of April and was captured the same day, but not before he had murdered another child. On July 21 his second trial began before Mr. Justice Cassels. The Crown's medical evidence at Winchester was to the effect that he was not insane though a high-grade defective. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. The Court of Criminal Appeal upheld the sentence. Appeal to the House of Lords on a point of law was refused. The Home Secretary then recommended a reprieve. To look at Straffen's face most people would say that the hanging of such a ghastly defective would be too horrible to contemplate. To examine his ghastly record, one would say that such a man must not live any longer. Examining the medical evidence and decisions given at his trials, one must judge that the rules governing crime and insanity are in a hopeless muddle. No one can hold that he became "responsible in law" after the Bath murders and was fit for hanging after the Broadmoor murder while unfit after the Bath murders. One further illogicality. It is said that he may pass part of his "life" sentence in an ordinary prison and not in Broadmoor. That sounds like confusion confounded. If he was reprieved on a doubt as to his mental state, Broadmoor is the place for him again. If reprieved on a doubt as to the "reasonable certainty" of his having done the deed, the Home Secretary is alone in finding that doubt. If he was reprieved on a doubt as to the legality of admitting "evidence of habit," the Court of Appeal did not admit that doubt. For Straffen it was the rope or Broadmoor, with all its weaknesses for such men as him. None can doubt that he were better dead.

Rival Monsters.—When I was young the tourists along Loch Ness were fewer and easily satisfied with the views, and possibly with a sight of the cemetery by way of a thrill. The motor-car and the Monster changed all that. I am one of those unfortunates who are always doing something else when a notable thing occurs. I never yet clapped eyes on the Monster. Two years ago I missed it by less than an hour. Some very respectable licensed victuallers had seen it from the point I passed fifty minutes later. I am a firm believer in it. Inverness this year has been agog to see a rival monster, John Cobb's *Crusader*, which passed through the capital overland on a day at the end of August. I doubt if the authorities were wise to grant it passage to the loch, if, indeed, they could have prevented it. Monsters usually ask permission of no one. There is a risk in sponsoring a rival Monster, for Inverness benefits greatly from the older Monster and there was more than a possibility of a collision between the rivals. Cobb might have cut the older Monster in two at its third hump or the latter might have bashed in Cobb's nose and sunk *Crusader* without trace. These things didn't happen, but the risk was great. And, on the whole, I think the Burghers of Inverness would do well to put their money on the older Monster, which has shown a much longer expectation of life than any speedboat. As things turned out, the older Monster sulked in its watery tent and the sulks may last for months.

DISCUSSING THE FUTURE OF THE B.R.M.

MR. RAYMOND MAYS ASKS FOR BACKING FOR BUILDING A NEW B.R.M. RACING CAR FOR THE NEW FORMULA I GRAND PRIX RACES WHICH START IN 1954: Mr. Mays was speaking at a lunch in London given by the Roadfarers' Organisation. He said that if a backer could be found he would work as hard for him as he had worked for B.R.M. Limited. Mr. Mays said that as he had only heard about the decision to sell B.R.M. Limited and its cars it was too soon to know what members of the Trust may feel about supporting a new car. "The car," Mr. Mays said, "would be nothing like the problem involved in the present Formula I racing—a 1½-litre engine to produce 500 b.h.p. The new car would need an unsupercharged four-cylinder unit of less than half that power." Seen with Mr. Mays in this picture is Lord Brabazon of Tara, who presided at the luncheon.

Edinburgh Festival Results.—Edinburgh's sixth Festival has certainly not been sidetracked by the Press. The doings formed a large slice of the daily news in all responsible journals, and splendid publicity was accorded to the operas, concerts and shows of all kinds, not only by the *Scotsman*, but by many London newspapers for days on end. The stings and flings of Sir Thomas Beecham were received with delight and instantly disseminated across England, and not a single V.I.P. failed to be heard far beyond the range of his voice and platform. No commercial undertaking could have asked more from this first aid to salesmanship or received so much of it *gratis*. It has been so in former years, but the results have not as yet produced even a bare profit. On the contrary, in 1951, after a really splendid and seemingly profitable festival, the deficit was as much as £40,000. The Festival depends, of course, chiefly on the support of Edinburgh's citizens, of Scotland and of tourists and visitors from England and every foreign land. At the beginning of the venture the citizens of Edinburgh bought by far the largest share of the tickets. To-day "foreigners" take the lion's share and spend besides a fabulous sum in the city; over £2,000,000, it has been estimated. Beyond the sales of

tickets for operas, concerts and shows of all kinds (and *imprimis* the tattoo), the Festival relies on a grant from the Arts Council, donations from individuals and a handsome corporation guarantee to last for seven years. The cost of opera is the heaviest item in the annual expenditure; probably £25,000 is a conservative figure for the cost of the Hamburg State Opera alone. The Festival authorities did not expect to make a profit this year. But they confidently expect to eat less into their reserve fund. There is no doubt that Edinburgh benefits culturally, and financially, too. And in civic pride the lovely city never stood higher.

The Uphill Road of Uplift.—It remains to say and to deplore that the cost of the best in music and drama continually rises, and is now beyond the means of all too many of us who value these things most. £3 is a lot to pay for a seat to hear a superbly mounted opera, at Glyndebourne, for example. We ought not to complain. The money could not be better spent, if the money is there to spend. We are used to phenomenal charges for necessities. But because we have to pay £5 or more for a ton of fuel to keep us barely warm or to give us hot water with which to wash up our greasy plates, there isn't much of it left for cultural delights. For others among us who still have a surplus after meeting the costs of necessities, there are other priorities which rank as semi-necessities, such as the costs of racing at Ascot or Goodwood, where it is easy enough to part with £50 without reckoning the toll taken by the Tote and the fat men. In these circumstances, the ranks of the faithful, the supporters of the first-rate in the cultural arts, are apt to be thin though devoted; and perhaps that is why a well-trained artist is thankful to be assured, for brief interrupted periods, of two-thirds of the weekly pay packet of a garage hand. It 's a topsy-turvy world in which it is not difficult to understand the precarious finances of festivals of culture and of all other efforts towards uplift.

Ultima Thule.—Twenty years (or less) ago, the nation might have felt sad to learn of the Queen Mother's choice of Barrogill Castle, in Caithness, for her Highland home. For as long as this old Castle was the seat of the Earls of Caithness it was indeed *Ultima Thule*, the world's end for insular Britons. But the last decades have changed all that, and now that the upper air is the *Route du roi*, Barrogill is a good enough place for dinner for a queen who breakfasts in Buckingham Palace. Cape Wrath and Beachy Head have become next-door neighbours. To-day there is no need to fear that London and England will see less of the Queen Mother. She can be here to-day and there to-morrow when the road to the Isles or the Orkneys is measured in time by half-an-hour per 100 miles. And Caithness is a treasure-house for all who know and love Scotland. It is desolate and bleak perhaps to those born and bred in Southern England. From the train window, when the sun is hidden, the yellow-brown muirland can look desolate and depressing, with its stunted trees and sparse cottages. But the sands of Dunnet are colourful and Dunnet Head runs out towering into the Pentland Firth, and here all is space and air and affords such light as never was on land and sea—elsewhere. Here rise in the distance over the blue sea the red cliffs of Hoy. The cathedral in Kirkwall can be seen over Scapa Flow, and, many-coloured and dim, the Orkneys will sometimes emerge across the Northern Sea. A summer view and a rare one. But the Queen Mother is not likely to spend the winter months at Barrogill. The lights and glories are a summer feast for the eyes, and can be enjoyed to-day at the cost of a few hours of easy travel.

A Conscript Has No Parents.—When a boy goes from his private to his public school, reports made upon him by his private schoolmaster are welcomed by the public school. His parents also are acknowledged as having some interest in his progress, and terminal reports are sent to his father. His House master, indeed, reports not only on his progress in the classroom but on the development of his character. The citizen army nowadays is boosted as an educational establishment. It teaches citizenship and boasts that it values the humanities. How odd, then, that the parents of these conscript boys do not exist for the Army authorities. They are not asked (nor is their House master asked) to give any hints as to the nature of the new recruit, his bent, his tendencies, the way in which his character and intellect are developing. And at no time in the two years of service does the parent receive so much as two lines in the way of a report on his progress or character on demobilisation. The boy is taken in as if he were a waif and as a waif discharged. To me this experience seems both odd and shortsighted. National Service is not readily accepted in England with enthusiasm. It has been a hard struggle to attain it. Efforts are always being made to popularise it. It seems difficult to understand why the most obvious method has been neglected—to make it a family affair, to give it a little human interest, to interest the parents, who supply the recruits, in the work and progress of the boys on whom the whole basis of our national defence depends.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

ISLAND HOMES of BRITAIN

By Elizabeth Coxhead

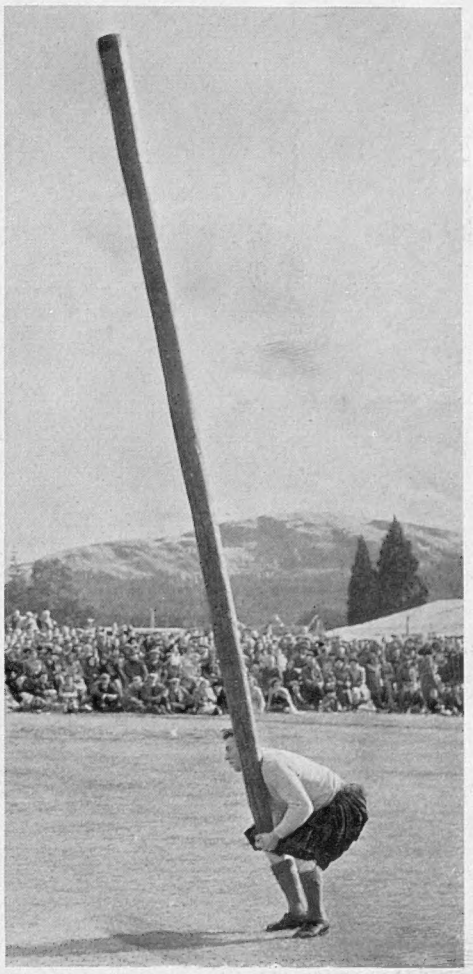
IN DEVASTATED LYNMOUTH—THE PROGRESS OF RECONSTRUCTION

THE SCENE IN THE NORTH DEVON TOWN OF LYNMOUTH THREE WEEKS AFTER THE MID-AUGUST FLOOD DISASTER: This was the scene in the once picturesque seaside town at the time of the September high tides, when waves caused by 40-ft.-high tides crashed against the temporary boulder sea wall. During the days of the high tides bull-dozers stood by to repair any damage inflicted on the wall, but the rampart withheld the sea and the main structure remained intact. Although a thunderstorm last week-end resulted in power and telephone lines being cut in Lynton and Lynmouth, the rains did not cause any serious flooding. Last week Mr. R. B. Carnegie, Surveyor for Devon County Council, said that by September 13 the West Lyn River would be back on its original course.

THE TEMPORARY SEA DEFENCE WALL AT LYNMOUTH: Altogether some 20,000 tons of bulldozed wreckage was included in the hurriedly erected sea wall. Last week-end the Lyn bridge was resurfaced and the Lyndale bridge over the East Lyn repaired. By that time some 120,000 tons of rock had been bulldozed away from the reconstructed river-bed. Many of the troops engaged in the clearance of the damage have now left the area and Devon County Council workmen, together with a few remaining soldiers, are pressing ahead with the rest of the work.

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING, AT WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH MADE HER FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN THE HIGHLANDS SINCE HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE: More than 30,000 people packed the arena. By midday thousands of them had taken up position, and as the day wore on the surrounding hillocks were thronged. The Royal party consisted of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Kent, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael. There were a host of overseas visitors, Australia, Canada and the United States all being well represented. In the background on the right can be seen the Royal Pavilion, which was decorated with pine boughs, heather and rowan berries.

IN THE ROYAL PAVILION AT BRAEMAR, THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE MARQUIS OF ABERDEEN, LORD LIEUTENANT OF ABERDEENSHIRE: The Queen wore a wool dress and jacket in dove grey, and the Duke of Edinburgh wore a kilt in the grey, black and red tartans first woven on Queen Victoria's instructions for the Prince Consort. On the left of the group can be seen Captain Alwyne A. Farquharson, M.C., of Invercauld, and Mrs. Farquharson. In the group on the right of the picture are the Duke of Kent, Prince Michael of Kent and Princess Alexandra. Many notabilities in Scottish life were presented to Her Majesty in the Royal Pavilion.

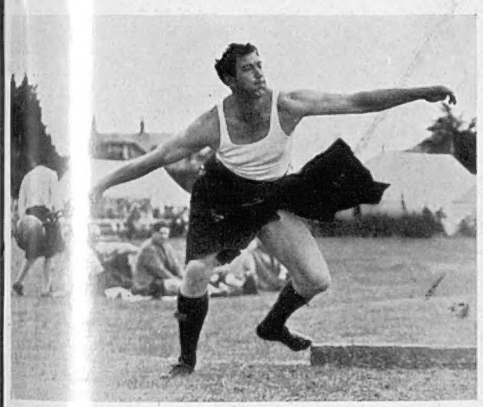


TOSSING THE CABER AT THE ABOYNE GAMES: R. Stewart, of Ballater, giving a display of his prowess. Despite cloudy weather a crowd of 15,000 attended the famous Games.

BRAEMAR AND ABOYNE

THE TWO GREAT HIGHLAND GATHERINGS WHICH MARK THE CLIMAX OF THE DEESIDE SOCIAL SEASON

Braemar Highland Games were made memorable this year by the appearance of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and if the brilliant weather of the morning did not hold it was none the less a memorable day for the 30,000 who attended. The Queen received a rousing welcome from the great crowd at Braemar when, in company with Prince Philip, she drove slowly round the arena to the Royal Pavilion. As soon as the members of the Royal Party had taken their places, the massed pipe bands swung into the park and marched past the pavilion to the strains of "The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar." After the Games were over, it took two hours for the traffic to disperse from the little Deeside town. At Aboyne, where the crowds were half those at Braemar, great interest was aroused by the first public appearance of the new dress for women Highland dancers, which the Games committee had had designed and which has aroused considerable controversy. The new dress, designed with the assistance of Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, the Lyon King-of-Arms, approximates to that worn by Scotswomen on festive occasions in the early eighteenth century. It consists of a skirt of lightweight tartan worn over a full white taffeta petticoat with a plaid of the same tartan. The outfit is completed with a white blouse over which is worn a velvet sleeveless corsage laced in front and with Celtic buttons. On the head is worn a snood or velvet or tartan ribbon. The dress was demonstrated by two young dancers—Olive Kane and Lila Thomson—who danced a foursome reel partnered by J. L. M'Kenzie, who won the world championship for Highland dancing at Cowal Games recently, and George Sievewright. The girls also danced the sean triubhais and were loudly applauded. A number of the competitors wore the new dress, while the remainder were attired in the dress prescribed by the Games committee four years ago—white blouse, tartan skirt and black stockings.



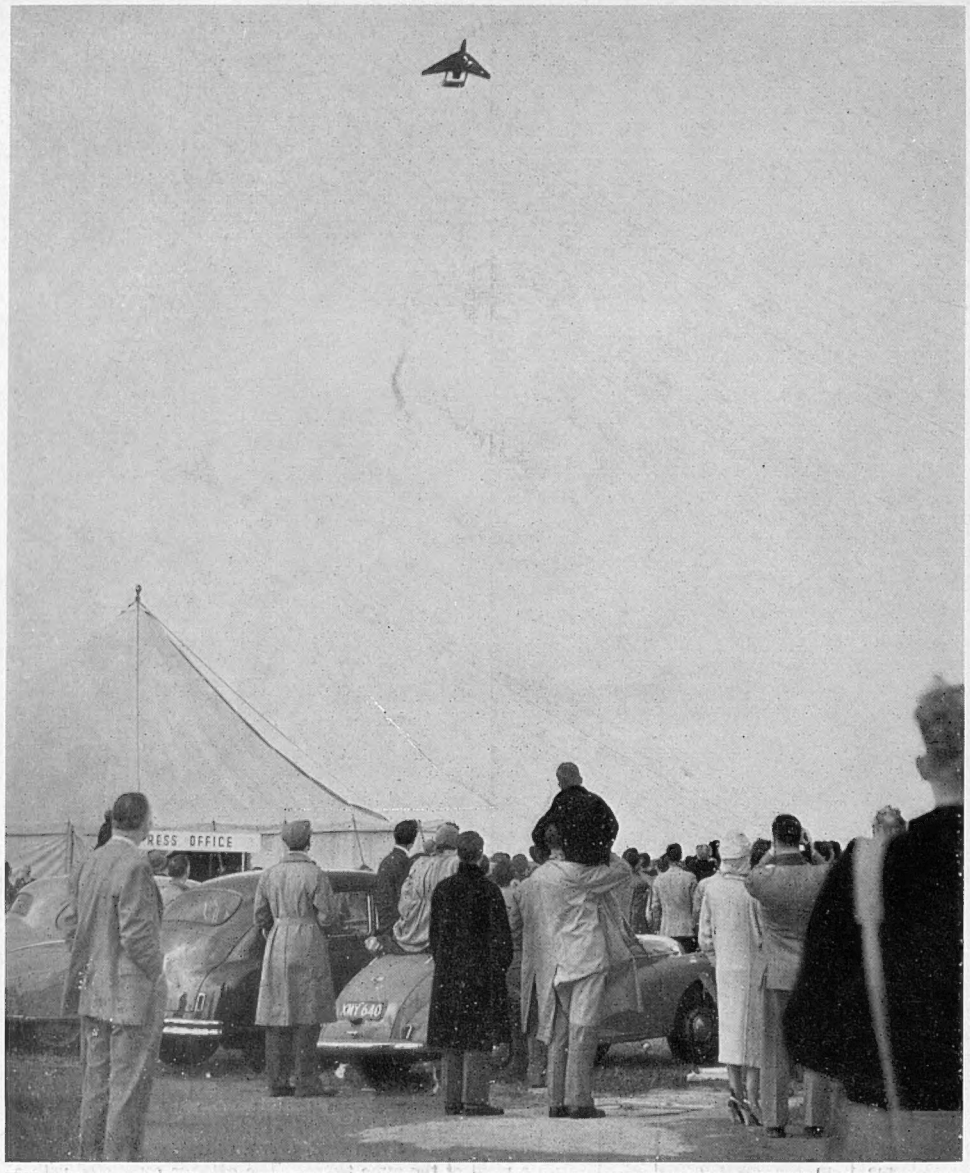
JAMES HUNTER THROWS THE 56-LB. HAMMER: A feat of strength in progress at the 74th Annual Gathering at Aboyne. The winner of this event achieved a distance of 36 ft. 6 ins.

THROWING THE 24-LB. HAMMER: H. A. Gray, of Lochiel Cushnie, at the Aboyne gathering. Here the winning distance was 86 ft. 10 ins.

THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THE NEW DRESS FOR WOMEN HIGHLAND DANCERS: The dancer on the left is wearing this new controversial costume, which has been designed with the assistance of Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, the Lord Lyon King-of-Arms, and approximates to that worn by Scotswomen on festive occasions in the early eighteenth century.

WITHIN FARNBOROUGH'S TRAGIC CRATER

WHERE TWENTY-SIX SPECTATORS AT THE ANNUAL DISPLAY OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS LOST THEIR LIVES FOLLOWING THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE DE HAVILLAND 110



THE DE HAVILLAND 110 SOARING ABOVE THE CROWD AT FARNBOROUGH DURING ONE OF THE SUPERSONIC FLIGHTS WHICH PRECEDED THE CRASH LAST SATURDAY: Derry, one of our foremost test pilots and the first British pilot to fly faster than sound, electrified the crowd with his flying, and then came the fatal dive from eight miles, immediately following which his plane disintegrated. A crowd of 130,000 people packing the enclosures saw the crash, and of that number twenty-six lost their lives when one of the engines hurtled among them.

EARTH IS HURLED UPWARDS AS PART OF THE WRECKED DE HAVILLAND 110 HITS THE RUNWAY AT FARNBOROUGH: There were injuries at this point, but nothing compared to the terrible havoc on the packed hillside where one of the engines tore its way through the closely packed spectators.

THE WORK OF RESCUE IN THE CRATER ON THE HILLSIDE WHERE ONE ENGINE OF THE DE HAVILLAND 110 CUT A SWATHE OF DESTRUCTION AS IT HURTLED THROUGH THE CROWD: A stretcher is seen being hurried to one of the injured, while others tend the wounded and the dying. In addition to the pilot and observer and the twenty-six people who lost their lives, sixty-two were injured, and last Monday many of the injured were still in hospital and in a serious condition. Experts, among them some of John Derry's test pilot colleagues, think that he died trying to avoid crashing into the crowd. An inquiry is being held, and it is likely to last a long time.

SUCCOURING THE WOUNDED WITHIN THE TRAGIC CRATER: Ambulance men and stretcher parties move swiftly among the dead and injured, and every effort was made to speed those who needed attention to hospital. The small Farnborough and Cove War Memorial Hospital was turned into a casualty clearing station, whence the injured were sent to other hospitals over a wide area. While the work of evacuating the wounded was going on the display was suspended, but later it went on and Squadron-Leader Neville Duke took the Hawker Hunter up to a height of 40,000 ft., from which he swept through the sonic barrier in a faultless display of flying.

AN R.A.F. CORDON IS DRAWN ROUND THE ILL-FATED HILLSIDE: Senior officers are standing near the engine which cut a swathe through the crowd. The crater which the engine made lies farther up the hillside. The Farnborough tragedy recalled the disaster of a week previously at the international air exhibition at Detroit, when an American all-weather twin-engined jet fighter, a Northrop F89 Scorpion, disintegrated in flight. Four spectators were hurt and five cars were wrecked on that occasion.

FARNBOROUGH'S DAY OF TRAGEDY

Mr. JOHN DERRY, D.F.C., Pilot of the D.H. 110, and More Pictures of the Tragic Accident at the Aircraft Show Last Week

MR. JOHN DERRY, D.F.C., PILOT OF THE AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED AT FARNBOROUGH LAST SATURDAY: Born at Cairo in 1921, he was not merely a brilliant flyer but had an unrivalled experience of flight at great speeds.

THE DE HAVILLAND 110 ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER: It was an aircraft of this kind, piloted by Mr. John Derry, which broke up during a flight at Farnborough last Saturday, causing the death of the pilot, his observer Mr. Anthony Richards, and twenty-six spectators. The swept-wing fighter, which is powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon axial flow turbo-jets, is the latest twin-boom type produced by de Havilland's.

FRAGMENTS OF THE D.H. 110 AFTER IT HAD BROKEN UP OVER THE FARNBOROUGH AIRFIELD: The twin-boom of the aircraft and a trail of smoke from one of the engines can clearly be seen in this picture. The engines broke away and continued their flight while pieces of the fuselage fell directly to the ground.

THE TANGLED WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE ENGINES OF THE D.H. 110: It has been established that the fighter began to break up two miles from the public enclosures, but the speed of the engines hurled them on into the crowd.

SOME OF THE 140,000 PEOPLE WHO VISITED THE FARNBOROUGH SHOW ON THE DAY AFTER THE DISASTER: This was the final day of the 1952 show, when the total attendance for the three public days was brought to well over 300,000 and, for the whole week, to about 350,000. Rain and low cloud made conditions difficult for flying on the final day, but neither the weather nor the previous day's disaster daunted the pilots, who were again successful in diving at supersonic speeds.

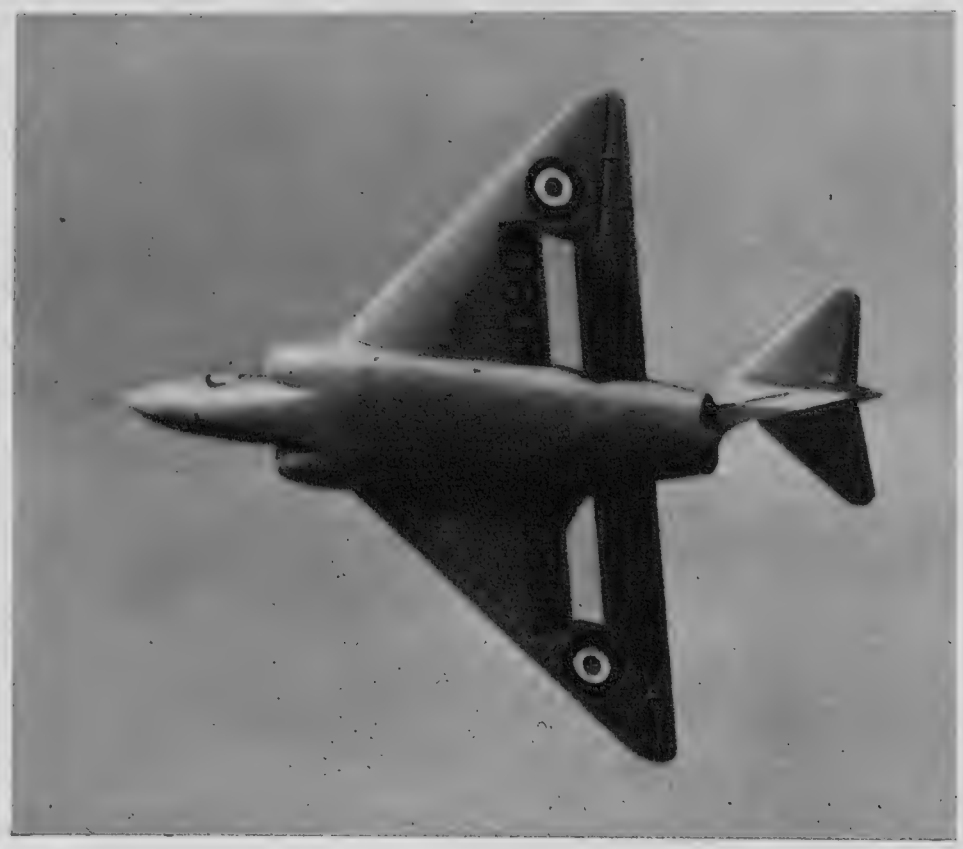
THE WORLD'S FIRST FOUR-ENGINED OPERATIONAL DELTA BOMBER: The four-jet Avro 698 passing over Farnborough during the annual display staged by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors.

DELTA YEAR

THE TWO REMARKABLE JET AIRCRAFT WHICH MADE HISTORY AT THE FARNBOROUGH AIR DISPLAY

In military aviation the British leap forward in progress is hardly less spectacular than it is in the commercial field. The Farnborough Show emphasised that very clearly indeed with the appearance of Britain's first delta-wing bomber and also the delta-wing Javelin. With its wide and deep wings it seems that this delta design may well have a far-reaching influence, enabling much complicated equipment to be carried in military aircraft and allowing a lounge-like cabin design in civil aircraft: 1952 may go down, indeed, in the annals of aviation as delta year, just as 1941 will always be remembered as the first year in which British jets flew. It was obvious just after the war, from captured German research reports and our own experiments, that aircraft intended to fly at or near the speed of sound (760 m.p.h. at sea-level; 660 m.p.h. at 30,000 ft.) would need swept-back wings to delay the build-up of shock waves that can batter an aeroplane to pieces as it approaches "the sound barrier." Sweep-back had to be combined with great structural strength, and it seemed to British designers that the answer was a delta, especially as a great deal of fuel and equipment can be packed inside a wing of this type. So, while other countries concentrated solely on swept-wing aeroplanes, the British aircraft industry, with the support of the Ministry of Supply, began work on a series of revolutionary jet-propelled, delta-wing research aeroplanes. The results of that well-calculated gamble are to be seen in the air to-day.

THE AVRO DELTA IN PROFILE: The new four-jet bomber photographed when flying low at the Farnborough display. Only a few days before, this new machine, which represents another dramatic leap in the progress of British aviation, had its maiden flight from A. V. Roe's airfield at Woodford, Cheshire. The Government recently decided to order quite a number of these bombers for the R.A.F. without waiting for the prototype to begin its flight trials.



On right—

BRITAIN'S FIRST DELTA-WING OPERATIONAL AIRCRAFT: The Gloster Javelin is Fighter Command's new all-weather night fighter and the first delta-winged aeroplane ordered into production anywhere in the world. This delta is well adapted for the carrying of the somewhat bulky radar apparatus for use in locating high-speed bombers.

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

From the Lebanon, where Pilgrims to Mecca were Helped in Their Journey by an American Airlift to the Ruins of Pompeii

THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE GOES TO THE AID OF STRANDED PILGRIMS TO MECCA : This was the scene at the aerodrome at Beyrout, in the Lebanon, as stranded pilgrims on their way to Saudi Arabia to worship at Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, waited for transport to carry them to the Red Sea port of Jidda. The transport was provided by the U.S. Air Force as a goodwill gesture and altogether some 3,763 pilgrims were carried in seventy-five flights. In appreciation the Mufti of Lebanon gave an unprecedented order that prayers for Americans should be included in all mosque ceremonies during the pilgrimage feast. An appeal for help was made by the Lebanese Government when commercial airlines became overcrowded and pilgrims were hopelessly delayed. The U.S. Air Force sent several planes to Beyrout and the pilgrims were carried to within sixty miles of their destination, Mecca being situated in the barren desert mountains and in forbidden territory. The gesture was highly praised by the Beyrout newspapers.

A QUEUE FOR THE LATEST UNITED STATES AIRLIFT IN THE MIDDLE EAST : Turkish pilgrims wait patiently in the sun for the U.S. planes to carry them to Jidda.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE GREAT ID AL ADHA FESTIVAL : The Muslims believe that they must attend the Festival at least once in their lives in order to achieve salvation.

IRAQ'S MUSLIM LEADER WAVES FROM HIS PLANE : Ayotullah Kashani was accompanied by several companions wearing the white, seamless robes of pilgrims.

HUSSEIN MAKKI, A MEMBER OF THE PERSIAN OIL COMMISSION, AT HAMBURG DURING A VISIT TO GERMANY : During his stay at Hamburg the General Secretary of the Persian National Front (second from left) said : " Persia is already selling its oil 20 per cent. under the world price, with Italy as the first big customer." Mr. Makki, who served as Premier Mossadeq's right-hand man in carrying out the oil nationalisation, added that oil sale negotiations were also under way with the United States, with only the transport situation remaining to be solved. The party leader was making the tour of Germany in company with his foreign adviser, Ali Asgar Parsa, and his economic adviser, Ali Mahloudhji (extreme right of picture). The other main visits during the tour were made at Augsburg and Nuremberg, where they met German industrialists and officials from the Daimler-Benz and Siemens factories. Mr. Makki described his visit as " private " with " no contact with any Government offices," but made no secret of the fact that he was looking for machinery for the Persian oil industry. He was also to see a doctor in connection with his kidney trouble.

THE CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN MEDITERRANEAN PETROL COMPANY IN TEHERAN : Count Della Zonca (left) chats with religious leader Mulla Kashani, the newly-elected Speaker of Persia's Majlis. Sitting between the two men is Kashani's son, Mustaffa. The Italian businessman flew to Teheran to discuss his company's possible connection with the nationalised Iranian Oil Company.

On left—

TRAGEDY ON A GERMAN RACE-TRACK : Nine persons were killed and many others seriously injured when this car, driven at a speed of 100 m.p.h. by Helmut Niedermayr, of Berlin, left the course and crashed into the spectators during an international motor race at Grenzlandring, near Aachen. The car became out of control, possibly through a puncture, while taking a bend. Another possibility is that the crash may have been caused by a broken spoke in the left front wheel. Although the driver of the crashed car escaped with only slight injuries, other drivers in the race retired from the track after seeing the havoc caused by the disaster. The meeting was also marred by another accident, when a Belgian driver crashed into the spectators.

THE SWISS EVEREST EXPEDITION EN ROUTE TO NEPAL : From left to right are G. Cross, R. Lambert (Chief of Alpinists), E. Reiss, A. H. Spöhel, Dr. Gabriel Chevalley (leader of the Expedition), and A. J. Buzio. The six members of the expedition left Geneva on board the Constellation airliner *Kashmir Princess* of Air-India International Limited, and flew to New Delhi before going on to Khatmandu. They were to be joined in New Delhi by Norman G. Dyrenfurth, son of Professor Dyrenfurth, of the University of Zurich, the leader of pre-war Austrian expeditions to the Himalayas. The climbers will make their second attempt to climb Everest later this year. It has now been announced that the Survey of India proposes to make new observations to redetermine the height of Everest.

THE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA OF LA SCALA OPERA HOUSE, MILAN, GO ON STRIKE : Members of the chorus seen outside the Opera House after deciding to strike in support of their maestro Vittore Veneziani in a quarrel over his contract with the administration of the theatre. The trouble arose over the suspension of Vittore Veneziani for conducting La Scala's choir in unauthorised recordings.

THE FIRST OF A NEW CLASS OF AMERICAN FAST CARGO-SHIPS UNDERGOES FINAL SEA TRIALS: The S.S. *Keystone Mariner*, the first of thirty-five fast cargo-ships being constructed for the U.S.A. Maritime Administration for 350,000,000 dollars, seen 25 miles off Cape May, New Jersey, during her sea trials. Designed for service in both peace and war, the ship is said to be capable of 20 knots. The *Keystone Mariner* is due to go into service during the middle of this month and will be run by the Waterman Steamship Company as agents for the Maritime Administration. She is the first of four ships to be built at the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company's yard at Chester, Pennsylvania. All the thirty-five vessels of the class will be given "nicknames" of various States. Each ship is to be 563 ft. long and capable of carrying 12,900 tons of cargo. All features necessary for quick conversion to wartime use are included in the design and space is provided for the installation of the latest naval defence equipment.

On left—
THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN MALAYA MAKES A TOUR OF PERAK: General Sir Gerald Templer leads a small army of officials along a narrow track during his visit to the re-grouped village at Bikam. This visit followed others which the General has been making to new villages in order to wish the inhabitants good luck in their new homes. Since the mass detention under the emergency regulations of more than 7,000 persons in Malaya and Singapore, newspapers in the area have urged the Singapore Government to inquire into the functions of the Advisory Committee for detainees. The wish for an inquiry followed the news that public concern had been aroused over the detention of the villagers of the small hamlet of Permatang Tinggi.

EGYPTIAN MINISTERS HELP WITH THE TASK OF PULLING DOWN PRINCE FAROUK'S REST-ROOM PARTITION: The Minister of Public Works, Kamel Nabib (in white), and the Minister of Social Affairs, Zoheir Farrana, use their picks to begin pulling down the partition which closed off Farouk's rest-rooms at the Central Railway Station, Cairo.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS IN POMPEII, AND (*right*) SOME OF THE HOUSES BROUGHT TO LIGHT DURING CURRENT DIGGING OPERATIONS: Large-scale excavations in Pompeii have for many years been hampered by the problem of disposing of the vast amounts of soil and volcanic dust which must be removed to reach the many treasures that the city holds. Professor Amedeo Maiuri, who has devoted the greater part of his life to the study of Pompeii, has now solved this problem. The rich volcanic dust, which for nearly 2,000 years has buried the ancient city, is now being used to enrich the soils of near-by farms, lying just to the south of Naples, instead of being piled up in Pompeii itself. Excavations are now in full progress along the route of the "Street of Planety"—one of Pompeii's most famous thoroughfares. Last week it was announced that Professor Maiuri had discovered a panel containing a beautiful painting of Venus. The nude goddess is depicted sailing in a shell drawn by dolphins and escorted by flying cupids.

MAKING THE GREENLAND EXPEDITION BASE AT BRITANNIA LAKE

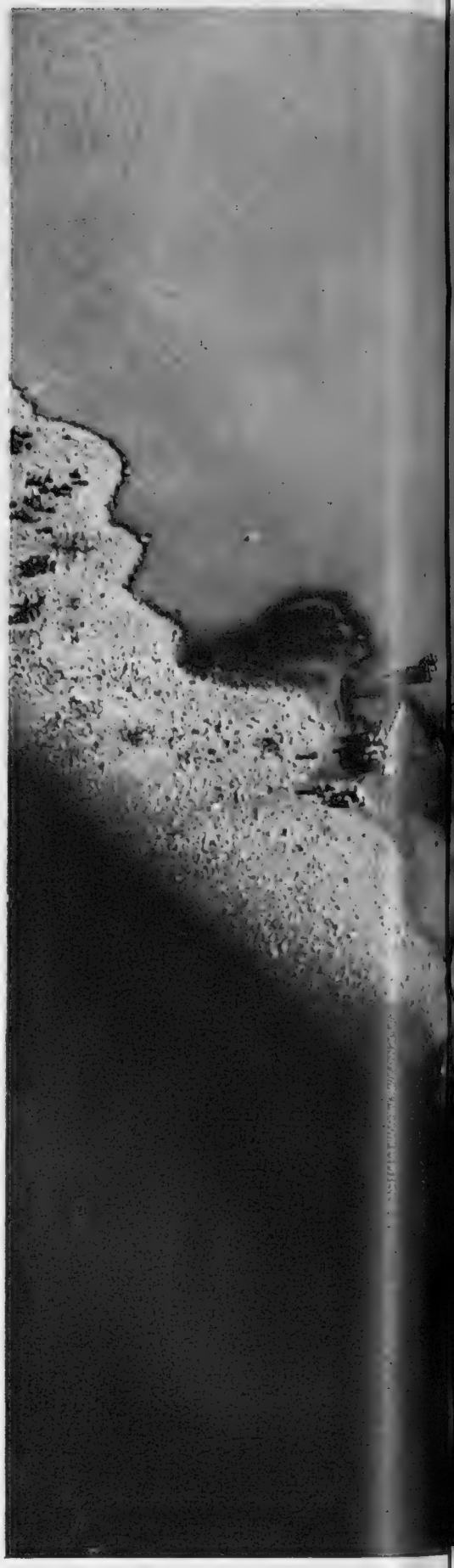
Completing the Second Phase of the British Expedition's Exploration which is to Take Them to the Ice-cap—How the Stores were Ferried in from the Sunderlands

A NEW STYLE IN BOATS ON BRITANNIA LAKE: Members of the British North Greenland Expedition using an inflated rubber dinghy as a sail when going ashore with stores at this newly-discovered lake in Queen Louise Land, where the expedition has established its main base after all stores were carried to the lake in Sunderland flying-boats which carried out the airlift from Young Sound. The expedition is now preparing for its task of exploring the ice-cap.

In the cove on Britannia Lake, in the heart of Queen Louise Land, members of the British North Greenland Expedition have been busy organising their main base following the successful completion of the airlift from the preliminary base at Young Sound. The next stage of the expedition is concerned with the sledging and weasel journeys to the Greenland ice-cap. One party of dog teams and drivers will travel 250 miles northward from Britannia Lake and, at a given point on a given day, they hope to link up with Hastings aircraft despatched from Britain with supplies (including a hut).

The early days at Britannia Lake offered many problems, not least that of flying the Sunderlands down on to the water by way of a very limited arc of approach. It was after the first flight that Commander Simpson had a dipping in the icy waters of the lake, and only some very prompt work by his colleagues saved him from drowning. This involved manœuvring the Sunderland in wind-swept waters to a point where Commander Simpson could be pulled to safety.

At the time of writing all goes well with the expedition, and hopes are high that the research upon the ice-cap will be successful.



On left—

THE SECOND IN COMMAND ARRIVES AT THE MAIN BASE: Mr. Hamilton looking from a Sunderland aircraft of 230 Squadron after touching down on Britannia Lake. The Sunderlands completed the airlift from Young Sound in three weeks, a race against time and the onset of colder weather on the lake.

Below—

DR. COLIN BULL TESTS HIS GRAVIMETER: This instrument will be used for testing the force of gravity in different areas of the ice-cap.

THE MAIN BASE OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN A SHELTERED COVE BESIDE THE SHORES OF BRITANNIA LAKE: This picture, taken from the last of the five Sunderlands to fly away from Britannia Lake after completing the airlift, shows the great mass of stores (180 tons in all) assembled on the shore after being ferried from the Sunderlands. The main hut is already completed and numerous tents have been erected. Much remains to be done to put the camp in order before the onset of winter. The stores there will be sufficient for at least a year's sojourn. Altogether the explorers intend to remain two years in Greenland.

HE WILL DRIVE A WEASEL TO THE ICE-CAP: Captain Michael Banks seen on arrival at Britannia Lake.

HE SAVED THE SKIPPER: This is Sergeant Derek Smith, Flight-Engineer of one of the Sunderlands, who rescued Commander Simpson from the Lake.

PETTY OFFICER KEN TAYLOR, R.N.: He is one of the wireless operators serving with the expedition, keeping up vital communications between the various units in the field.

CO-PILOTS OF A SUNDERLAND: Flight-Lieutenant "Red" Stavert, who manœuvred the flying-boat smartly after Commander Simpson had fallen into the Lake, and Norman Currin, an American who is serving with the R.A.F. for a year.

THE GOLD COINERS OF WESTERN EUROPE

The Makers of Sovereigns and Napoleons Pose a Problem in These Days when Gold Commands Differing Prices

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE Royal Mint, the Treasury and the British Government received an unpleasant jolt when the Swiss Federal Court ruled that clandestine minting of gold sovereigns on the Continent is not counterfeiting because sovereigns are no longer legal tender in Britain, and, according to an international convention of 1929, only coinage in legal circulation is protected by the law.

The case arose through an Italian demand for the extradition of two men who were sought as members of a Milan gang accused of minting sovereigns, louis napoleons and Mexican gold dollars. An immediate effect of the Swiss decision was the release of five men held in Milan, and this was followed by an application for the restitution of all the gold pieces, ingots and machinery, which had been seized when the arrests were made.

The British Government does not accept the Swiss ruling and its consequences, basing its stand on an Act of 1870, which lays down that coins will be legal tender until demonetised, which the sovereign has never been.

While sovereigns have certainly long vanished from public circulation in Britain, and are supposed to be all handed to the Treasury, the Government still can and does order an occasional minting, chiefly to keep craftsmen's hands in. A few months ago the Mint again began minting gold sovereigns, and between 100,000 and 200,000 are thought to have been made, but without any idea of issuing them.

There this particular matter must rest until (as seems likely) it is raised at the September meeting of the World Bank and International Fund.

Meanwhile, we should not delude ourselves that a Milan gang taking over from the Mint is anything new. Rather is it one aspect of how countless Europeans contrive to traffic in gold in a fantastic variety of forms. As for private minting, it probably concerns napoleons more than sovereigns. The first revelation came two years ago, when it was computed that an Italian gang, by disposing of 200,000 "fake" napoleons in Paris, made a profit of £189,000!

How does this happen? It happens because the "fake" gold pieces are true to the extent of having the same pure weight and content of gold, as any napoleon minted under the Second Empire, but fetch far more in the black market, than any bank will offer, tied, as the latter is, to the set rate of £12 10s. to the ounce. The clandestine minters add to their net gain by taking for themselves the charges that mints are wont to claim for their services.

In the case of the sovereign, one such will bring you only £2 18s. at a bank, but anything from £4 10s. to £10 (most frequently around £6) when disposed of by private sale. Hence the urge to mint more of them so as to satisfy hoarders and others.

All of which focuses attention on the astonishing range of gold hoarding in Western Europe. Hidden away in cash boxes, buried in gardens, thrust into holes in trees, jammed into Delft pottery, sewed into mattresses, tucked away in strong-boxes, worn on the person, melted down into the weirdest forms, is computed to be the equivalent in gold of between £3,000,000,000 and £4,000,000,000.

For a better appreciation of what this signifies, note that Britain's total gold reserves in August amounted to £597,000,000, and that a monthly gold drain of £35,000,000 to the European Payments Union was severely felt. Or reflect that Premier Pinay's much boomed gold-backed loan succeeded in luring into the open only about 34 tons of gold worth £16,500,000, roughly one-hundredth part of the gold reckoned to be hoarded in France alone—namely, from 2,500 to 3,000 tons, worth £1,500,000,000.

One can say that a numerous and spreading secret international company is in being to operate the growth and trafficking of Western Europe's hoarded and hidden gold, and that cities which particularly appeal to them on account of facilities available are Lisbon, Tangier, Milan and Paris.

But New York is apt to bob up, or Amsterdam or Antwerp, as they did in connection with the recent indictment of sixty-five New York jewellers for diverting £1,745,000 in gold to the black market, which sent it to Holland and Belgium for the purchase of diamonds for smuggling back to America.

Smuggling is written deeply across this story. There even exist special factories for turning out golden oddments so as to deceive the most expert Customs' eyes.

One of the most successful is the very thin gold sheet measuring a few inches by a few inches. This can be sewn into luggage, even air luggage, with an excellent chance of escaping detection.

A minor street accident led to the discovery that gold gathered in Paris was melted down and moulded into ashtrays, statues and wire, then, with official French export documents, was flown to Geneva.

Or take the case of the traveller with the Chaplin shuffle, who aroused suspicion on the Franco-Swiss border. The heels of his shoes were found to be packed tight with louis d'or.

And then, at Dijon, there was the motorist who, coming from Switzerland, displayed such an exaggerated interest in the hubs of his wheels that a curious garagist got in a scrape—and came straight upon gold.

But I like best of the recent crop the lady who under-tipped at Aosta. She had two awfully heavy suitcases, and her letting the porter "have it" in American, when he objected to his tip, didn't improve matters. That porter must have had a suspicious mind. Anyway, he slipped back into the train when Madame had betaken herself elsewhere and prized open the suitcases. They had false bottoms, and concealed were 180 lb. of pure gold.

THE GREAT GOLD REPOSITORY AT FORT KNOX: Here the United States stores its vast wealth. This wealth could be used to pay debts, and indeed in 1947 Mr. Ernest Bevin urged that there should be some redistribution of this vast hoard in the interests of European economy generally.

On left—
GOLD BARS BEING LOADED AT THE UNITED STATES MINT IN PHILADELPHIA: The bars were about to be transferred to the great fortress of gold at Fort Knox.

Hoarding gold in Europe is, of course, no new thing. I suppose one could put the birth of the present phenomenon as far back as 1919, directly currencies weakened or collapsed after the first war. But the practice has so enormously increased since the end of the second war that leading authorities now do not hesitate to declare that a prime objective of European financial statesmanship should be to bring Western Europe's gold out of hiding.

It is asserted that, through the processes of international exchange, the valuable products of Western Europe's farms and factories are being exchanged every day for more of the precious metal, which in turn gets salted away in private hoards.

It is held that Western Europe's chief economic problem (apart from the ever-mounting burden of defence costs) is the resultant low level of the central gold reserves which forces every major European country, save Switzerland, to live in a perpetual gold dilemma.

Why can't Europe's central banks get hold of more of the hidden gold? Simply because they don't offer enough. And the reason they don't, is because they have to stick by the price of the gold oz. at 35 dollars, as fixed by the United States. Yet very many people believe gold to be worth nearer 50 dollars an ounce, which is indeed proved every day.

A prospective seller of gold thus has three groups of bidders to choose from: The U.S. 35 dollars; the European Bank which will pay 35 dollars in local currency (but what is this worth, and is it convertible, especially into U.S. dollars?); thirdly, the free or black market, which will pay a price that varies from day to day, but which is always higher than either of the other two.

Hence the depleted coffers of that least attractive of bidders, the European Bank, compared with clandestine gold circulation outside.

America could alter this situation by raising the price of gold, but she has just again refused to do so. This is one of the uses of that huge gold hoard buried away at Fort Knox: it can work, whereas Europe's hidden gold hoard cannot. The U.S. Government can use its hoard any time it chooses, whereas Europe can't get at its hidden gold. The former performs a function in the monetary system and in international payments, whereas Europe's does not.

Fort Knox could be used to pay debts. Western Europe very badly needs to pay debts, but the authorities don't possess the gold. Yet the monetary function of gold is now precisely to settle net debts and credits among nations!

Hence various devices under discussion for mobilising Europe's missing gold. After the Pinay failure, all now repose on the assumption that no guarantee from a single European Government will do the trick, and that only a promise backed by international or supranational guarantees will induce the hoarder to exchange his gold for something else.

The most likely plan yet, emanates from M. Van Zeeland, Belgium's Foreign Minister, and an ex-banker. He suggests bonds bearing the guarantee of all the N.A.T.O. nations; said bonds to be purchasable only with gold or dollars and payable at maturity in gold, dollars, or any currency selected. Alas, Washington shrinks from this solution on the score that too much might eventually have to come out of Fort Knox!

What about a joint guarantee by the Six in the Schuman Plan and European Defence Community?

Diehards still think gold can be forced out of hoards simply by tightening up on credit so severely that people are forced to sell gold to keep their farms and factories running. More likely they 'd close them! Meanwhile, smugglers, minters and melters increase; few, if any, are caught, many being winked at; and Western Europe's gold hoard grows.

And the Russians must be gently laughing. Of golden doings behind the Curtain, we know practically nothing—except that all are beholden in some way to a Soviet-produced gold rouble, and that no one in Russia itself may even talk about "treasure," let alone be found in possession of gold. That means death.

Recently Bulgaria shipped a cargo of privately minted napoleons to Swiss banks. But, as a rule, the Moscow attitude is not to intrude. Doubtless Western Europe's hoarding plays sufficiently into Soviet's hands, as things are.

THE MAN WITH A SOLUTION TO THE GOLD PROBLEM: M. Van Zeeland, Belgium's Foreign Minister, and an ex-banker, who suggests the use of bonds bearing the guarantee of N.A.T.O.

GOLD
A Long Pull

After rising for three consecutive months, Britain's gold and dollar reserve fell in August—by £15,700,000. This reduced the reserve to £597,000,000.

The fall occurred despite the receipt of £16,100,000 in defence aid from the U.S.

The loss of gold was due to a payment of £35,200,000 to the European Payments Union to cover the July deficit. In August this deficit to Europe had been reduced to only £1,700,000. This will have to be met in gold later this month.

There is, therefore, good hope that the slow recovery in the reserve will now be resumed. The long pull-up of the reserve will continue, but it is stressed in Treasury quarters that it looks like being "a very long pull."

PRINCE PHILIP IN BELFAST

His Royal Highness Attends the Opening Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in His Capacity as Immediate Past President

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVES IN THE NORTHERN IRELAND CAPITAL TO ATTEND THE OPENING SESSION OF THE 1952 MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION : *Left*—His Royal Highness, who arrived in Belfast by air on the night before the meeting, is greeted by the Lord Mayor, Councillor J. H. Norritt, outside the City Hall, where he was entertained at luncheon. *Right*—The Duke, accompanied by the President of the British Association, Professor A. V. Hill, walking in procession in the grounds of Queen's University, on his arrival to attend a reception for student exhibitioners and selected overseas students. Later in the same day, in the Sir William Whitla Hall of Queen's University, the Duke of Edinburgh moved a vote of thanks at the end of Professor Hill's Presidential address, saying that Professor Hill had told them most ably and fearlessly what responsible scientists were thinking. In his address on "The Ethical Dilemma of Science," Professor Hill sought to show how far science has already contributed to human betterment, how far it has provided fresh problems, dangers and difficulties; and to suggest ways in which all who are concerned with science can help, as citizens, to make sure that its results in fact are beneficial.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF A 16-SPAN VIADUCT ACROSS THE JERSEY CANAL AND RIVER NEATH : The viaduct, of a total length of 1,610 ft. including a high-level 300-ft. bridge, forms part of the new trunk road which is now under construction between Briton Ferry and Swansea. The project, costing £1,000,000, connects the heavy industrial area of South Wales, and shortens the road journey between Cardiff and Swansea by six miles. The new road will cross the main Western Region Railway and branch lines at Briton Ferry and continue by means of an 11-span viaduct, 970 ft. long, over the Briton Ferry Dock. It will enter a cutting at Warren Hill and on the other side it will bridge the Jersey Canal and River Neath. The high-level bridge over the river will be 90 ft. above the high-water level, and will allow the free passage of coastal shipping. The bridge is situated close to the £60,000,000 steel plant at Margam, Port Talbot.

A NEW WELSH HIGHWAY

The Construction of a New Trunk Road Linking Cardiff and Swansea which will Include Two Long Viaducts

A HIGHWAY THROUGH GLAMORGAN—THE DUAL CARRIAGEWAY ON THE NEW WELSH TRUNK ROAD : This road runs between the 300-ft.-long high-level bridge over the River Neath and Swansea.

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC SHORES CANADA DEVELOPS HER RESOURCES AND THE STAGE IS NOW SET FOR EVEN MORE MOMENTOUS INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS : In this "Sphere" sketch-map Leslie S. Haywood indicates points where production is expanding with particular significance, as, for instance, in Labrador, where iron and titanium ores are found, in Alberta and Saskatchewan, where oil resources are expanding, and in British Columbia, where there is now a vast aluminium industry centring on Kitimat.

WINDSOR MILLS, QUEBEC, WHERE PAPER IS PRODUCED FOR THE ROTOGRAVURE SECTIONS OF NEWSPAPERS : Canada is the world's largest exporter of pulp and paper and her forests of spruce and balsam supply the newsprint for three out of every five newspaper pages printed. Canada's pulp and paper products are valued at over one billion dollars annually. 130 mills turn out newsprint and paper products.

CANADA

AS A WORLD INDUSTRIAL POWER

A Survey of the Mighty Strides She is Making in the Post-war World and which are Reflected in the Dominance of the Canadian Dollar

By D. W. BROGAN

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON NICOLL AND LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

The enthusiasm of Canadians for the distance their country has come since Confederation shortly after the middle of the last century, to emergence as a leading world Power at the middle of the present century, and no less for the prospect before them, rests on as solid a foundation as one can hope to find in the modern world. In family experience, it is doubtful if such a span has been accomplished in any country, from grandfather to grandson. The period since the end of World War II has seen an impressive advance in living standards, and equally in national prestige. This is regarded as only a beginning to an experience ahead which, it is predicted, may parallel the more spectacular chapters in the history of the United States.—THE STATIST.

This quotation from the "Canadian Economic Survey," which was published in the spring, emphasises Canada's extraordinary industrial strides and the development of her natural resources, which are reflected in the new world status of the Canadian dollar, and in particular in its relationship to the U.S. dollar. To-day Canada is on the verge of even mightier developments, and in this special feature Professor D. W. Brogan comments upon her progress as an industrial nation. Everywhere he shows the frontier is being pushed back, and at the same time the population is increasing steadily, being now in excess of 14,000,000. United States capital is playing an important part in this vast development, and by mid-1951, indeed, it was estimated that Uncle Sam had a stake of nearly 7,000,000,000 dollars in the territory of his northern neighbour. There must be more than a little regret that Britain's share in this industrial boom is not larger.

EVEN in the present boom years, one of the chief "invisible exports" of Canada is the reception of American tourists. And this year, in their hundreds of thousands, American tourists are greeted with the sign, "American money received here." For the Canadian dollar is at a premium. That hard-headed community, the world money market, has decided that the Canadian dollar is a better bet than the American. It is a change not only gratifying to the practical sense of the Canadians (who are endowed with it at a Caledonian level), but it is emotionally gratifying, too. For in 1939, after a brief but important debate, Canada freely entered the war while her mighty southern neighbour clung feverishly to the dream of neutrality. And one consequence of that choice was that the Canadian dollar was controlled, that the American dollar went to a premium of 10 per cent., and that not until 1950 was the Canadian dollar freed from exchange control, with the gratifying result that it is now more valuable than the American. Canadians would be more than human if they were not amused, pleased and gratified, but they have shown their good taste and humanity by, in many cases, taking the depreciated American notes at their face value. After all, there is no reason to be too stuffy, though, of course, if the premium went to 10 per cent., it would be necessary to be more strict in the accounting.

The dollar rate is only one sign of the prodigious rise in economic importance and prosperity of Canada. It is already ranking after the United States and Great Britain in world trade, and all Canadians—even the most cautious—feel that they are only at the beginning of great things; the best is yet to be and no one to-day can really estimate the future of Canada: the boldest prophecies may soon be confuted by more astonishing facts. "Stoning the prophets is ancient news"; a game Canada is busy at to-day.

SHAWINIGAN FALLS, A TINY SETTLEMENT ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST HALF A CENTURY AGO, NOW AN INDUSTRIAL CITY, ITS STRENGTH AND PROGRESS HAVING COME FROM THE ST. MAURICE RIVER, WHICH PROVIDES THE POWER FOR ITS MANY INDUSTRIES: Shawinigan Falls, the pioneer centre of hydro-electric development in Quebec, now has an installed capacity of 489,900 h.p. In the three power-houses can be seen the progressive evolution of generating equipment over the last fifty years. Development still goes on upon the St. Maurice, one of the mighty tributaries of the St. Lawrence, and the Shawinigan Water and Power Company reckons that the total ultimate capacity of the river when fully developed will exceed 2,400,000 h.p. The three giant power-houses of Shawinigan Falls are seen in the foreground. In the town was established the first aluminium plant in Canada.

STEAMING INTO THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA—A LAKE VESSEL EMERGING FROM ONE OF THE THOROLD LOCKS OF THE WELLAND SHIP CANAL, THE CANADIAN WATERWAY CONNECTING LAKES ERIE AND ONTARIO AND BY-PASSING NIAGARA: The canal, which in an eight-month season carries 12,000,000 tons of cargo, is an integral part of the Great Lakes—St. Lawrence River route, and under the St. Lawrence Seaway Scheme it will be dredged to take vessels of even larger tonnage.

It must be remembered that this is the second great Canadian boom of this century. It is a long time since Sir Wilfred Laurier announced that as the nineteenth century had been the American, the twentieth century would be the Canadian century. There are other formidable claimants for that role—the U.S.S.R., for one—but Laurier's optimism seems more justified than it did after the first war or on the eve of the second.

Canada, in 1900, was economically a colony, though already on the way to complete political independence. Its economic basis was the export of foodstuffs and raw materials, grains, meat, timber, wood pulp. Its industry was on a small scale, kept alive by tariffs and largely composed of satellite firms whose real headquarters were in the United States or in Great Britain. One great natural resource—hydro-electric power—was just being developed, a substitute for the bad distribution of coal. But basically Laurier's hopes were based on the coming role of Canada as "the bread-basket of the world," which meant of Europe. It was by fulfilling this role that the United States, so it was thought, had accumulated the capital resources that were making it the first industrial power of the world. Canada must follow the same path.

Down to 1914, Canada did. She had very great advantages. The prairie provinces — Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta—were new frontiers in the American sense. Manitoba had only become open to agricultural settlement round 1870; Saskatchewan and Alberta only became fully-fledged provinces in 1905. Into the fertile and nearly empty land—"the great, lone land" of Sir William Butler's description—poured immigrants from all parts of the United Kingdom, from most parts of Europe, especially the Slav countries and, most significant of all, from the worked-over farm-lands of the United States. Winnipeg, Edmonton, Regina boomed; so did Vancouver. It was nice while it lasted but, apart from the disaster of 1914, this kind of expansion had serious limitations and dangers.

In the first place, it exposed the Canadian farmer, and so the Canadian economy, to all the vicissitudes of the world market. As went wheat, so went Canada. So harvests in Argentina, Australia, the Ukraine determined the price of Canadian wheat. It was a bad age for primary producers, and this "mono-culture" necessarily meant gambling—gambling in wheat futures, gambling in town sites.

Then, the crops of the golden prairies had to be got to market, and here Canada suffered from the unkindness—or what appeared to be the unkindness—of nature. For in remote geological time, ice had planed away most of the fertile soil in what is now western Ontario and eastern Manitoba. Between the old settlements in Ontario and the new settlements on the Red River, where Winnipeg grew up round the old Hudson's Bay post of Fort Garry, stretched hundreds of miles of scrubby forest, punctuated with hundreds — thousands—of lakes and bogs. It was a land fit for nothing except sport and, in the north, fur-trading. It never had been fit for anything else, and that was the main reason why Western Canada had developed so slowly. The first French explorers struck the prairies of the west in the middle eighteenth century, but between the prairies and the border of settlement stretched this formidable and expensive barrier. Formidable from its nature, expensive because the prairies could only be exploited if transport were provided and transport had to pay the cost of the hundreds of miles of empty

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scrub that provided neither passengers or freight. The American lines to the south knew no such sterile and unprofitable area. And a look at the map will show the consequences, the wealthy and densely settled areas south of Lake Superior and the largely empty areas to the north. This meant, too, that transport had to be subsidised by somebody, and it could only be the Dominion Government. So both the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Intercolonial (from Halifax to Montreal) ran through hundreds of miles of empty country and did so because it was politically necessary to link the Maritime provinces and British Columbia to the nucleus of the new Dominion, Ontario and Quebec. But all of this took money, and when more lines were built, like the Canadian Northern, it was not obviously wrong to think that Canada had spent too much of her own (and of British) resources on providing means of transportation that would never be wholly used. Even twentieth-century Canada seemed, in 1914, to have spent more than was wise on railways—a fact reflected in the insolvency of all the lines save the Canadian Pacific and in the consequent taking-over of the lines, Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern and the rest by the Federal Government and the creation of the Canadian National system.

What is important and reassuring about the present boom is that what looked like the mere harshness of nature has turned out to be kindness. For in the desolate wastes of Ungava, in the forest sub-Arctic lands of the northern regions of the prairie provinces, in the once useless gap between Ontario and Manitoba, areas of settlement, lie some of the great treasure-houses of the modern world. There was, between the wars, the silver boom at Cobalt, in Western Ontario; that is over, but Cobalt is again in the news, producing—cobalt. A region that owed most of its fame and some of its economic importance to the Dionne "Quins," has now more permanent bases for prosperity. In northern Quebec and Labrador lies one of the great iron-ore reserves of the world, of greater and greater importance as the American ranges in Minnesota are worked out. In Alberta, the jackpot has been hit with the great discoveries of oil and natural gas. Saskatchewan, not quite so fortunate, is yet finding in her production of heavy oil, her salt for a nascent chemical industry, in a score of minor resources, a way out of total dependence on agriculture. And the new magic metals are, not indeed monopolised by Canada, but present these in abundance. There is, of course, nickel; there is ilmenite, from which comes the most wonderful of the new metals, titanium, and there is, source of wealth and power in the atomic world, uranium. The new prospector with his Geiger counter is very different from the "sourdough" who livened up the Canadian Yukon in the great gold rush of 1898. There is less room than there was then for "Dangerous Dan McGrew."

Of course, some of these resources were known before the end of the late war. The mineral resources of Western Ontario were a godsend to the Canadian economy in the long years of agricultural depression in the '20's and '30's. When the falling-off, in quantity and quality, of American iron ore resources made it profitable, it was certain that the ores of the remote north would be exploited. In 1939, Canada was already the great producer of non-ferrous metals. But the booms in nickel, silver, gold, were nothing to the booms of to-day.

It would be wrong, however, to think of the "coming-in" of oil on a great scale (there had been a minor boom in Saskatchewan before the war) or of natural gas, or the discovery of uranium or ilmenite as the sole explanation of the abounding health of the Canadian economy. In any case, Canada was maturing. She was still an importer of capital, and, to a less extent, of techniques. But the two wars had greatly accelerated her industrialisation. The demand for munitions did a good deal; the cutting-off of normal sources of supply did a good deal; the delayed but real returns on the great capital investments of the first decade of the century did a great deal more.

Water power was one of the greatest Canadian assets. No other country had anything like the Canadian resources. The Ontario Government, taking over the power resources of the province, provided an admirable service that gave local industry competitive advantages over its American rivals. Water power attracted industry to the most isolated parts of Quebec, with incalculable, to a highly conservative society, social consequences. (I may be permitted a story since it is against myself. It was not until I looked down on the frozen Ottawa river that I realised, after I was told, that under the ice the water still moved, into the turbines, making the power.) Canadian industry was now less a matter of minor auxiliary plants, though the great American industries, especially the great automobile companies, built plants in Canada as a way of entry not only into the Canadian, but into the British market. Skyscrapers rose in Montreal, in Toronto, in Vancouver. St. James's Street in Montreal became an important financial centre and Toronto a centre of Canadian mining finance.

Canada suffered terribly in the great depression. But it was saved some of the worst disasters of the United States. The integration of the railways into two systems minimised the shock of falling freight revenue.

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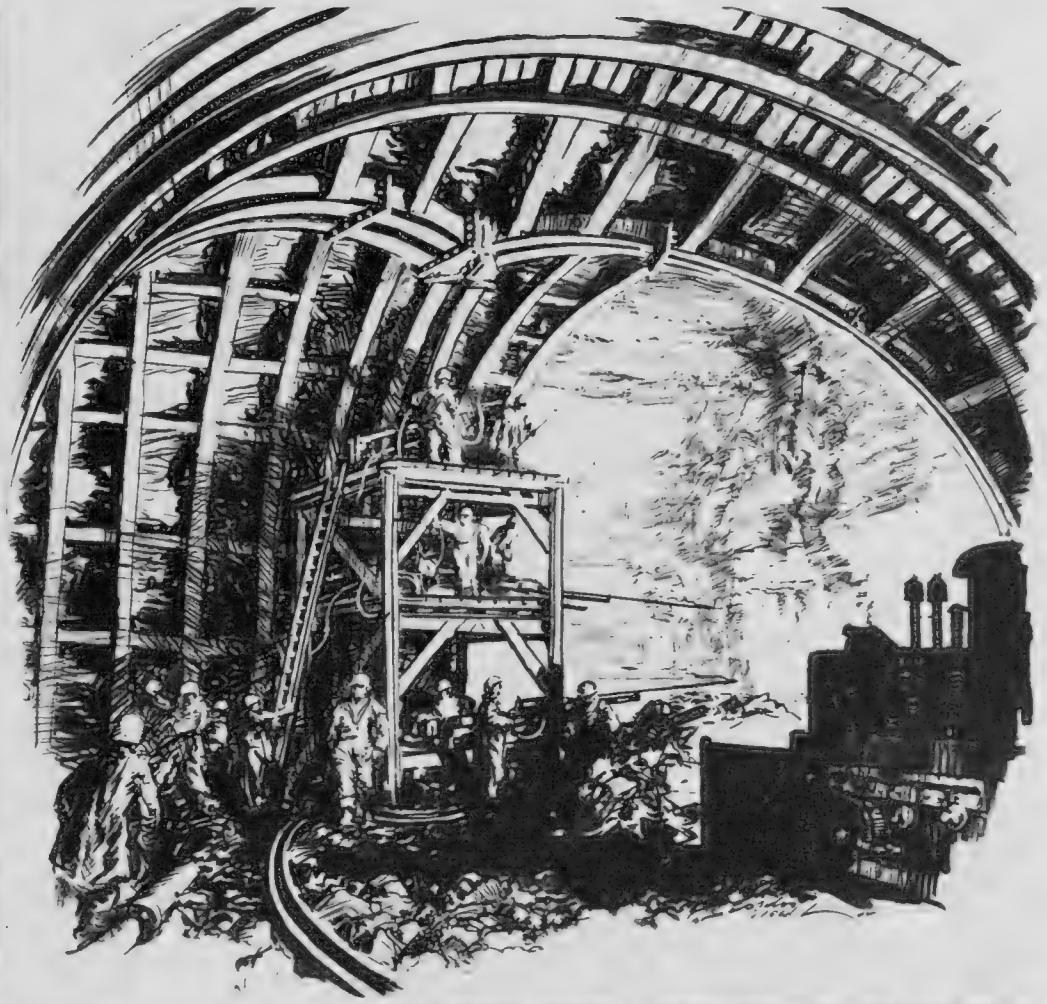
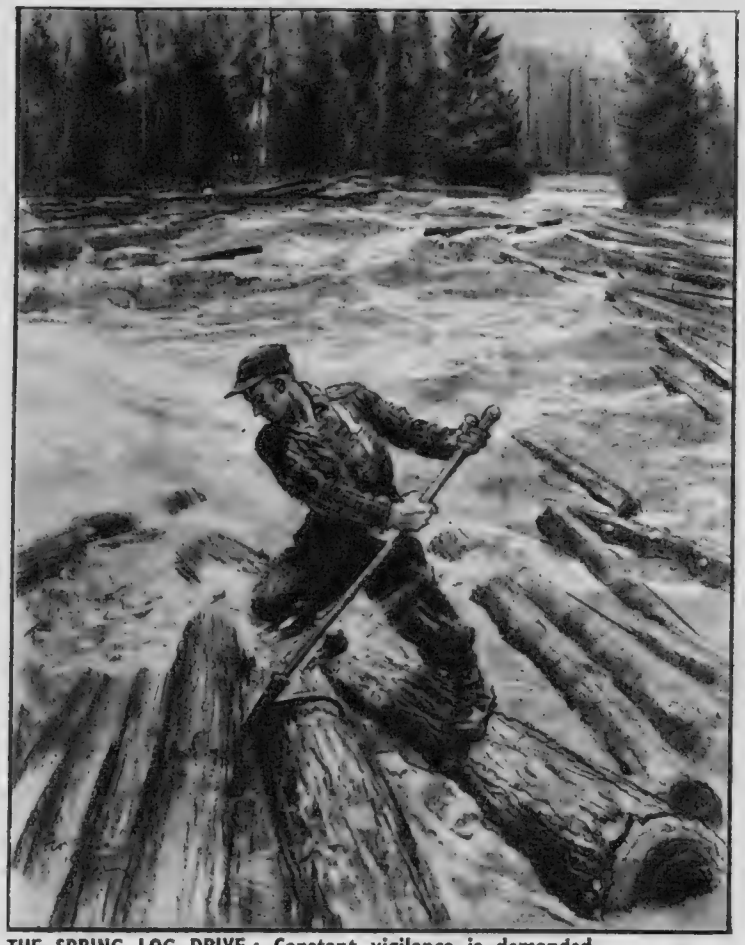
A RICH NEW AREA IN THE CANADIAN OILFIELDS : Oil contaminated with mud water and chemicals from the mud used in drilling the well is burned off in a flare several hundred feet from Imperial Schoepp No. 1, one of the most remarkable wells discovered in the Golden Spike field. As a result of intense exploratory activity prairie oil reserves increased from 45,000,000 barrels in 1946 to an estimated 1,400,000,000 barrels in 1951. The successes of the last few years and the extent of Canada's prospective oil-bearing regions (estimated at more than double the prospective oil-bearing area of Texas) give promise of even further oil wealth to come.



THE TUNNELLERS OF NIAGARA : For 5½ miles under the city and its environs workmen are now busy digging through rock and sand to build a tunnel the height of a four-storey building. This tunnel will carry the water from above Niagara Falls to a point far below the Falls on the Niagara, where a new power station is being built.



THE SPRING LOG DRIVE : Constant vigilance is demanded of the "sweepers" during the spring log drive keeping logs free from snags along the hundreds of miles of water that floats them from the forest to the mills. This man belongs to the army of sweepers along the Tamacine River, north of Ottawa.

On right—
THE DIVERSION OF THE NECHAKO RIVER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA : The river has been sent coursing through the tunnel in the background, thus leaving the way clear for the construction of a dam 310 ft. high and 1,350 ft. long. This dam will create a reservoir 140 miles long, and there will be stored the water for power generation in the Aluminium Company of Canada's Kitimat scheme.

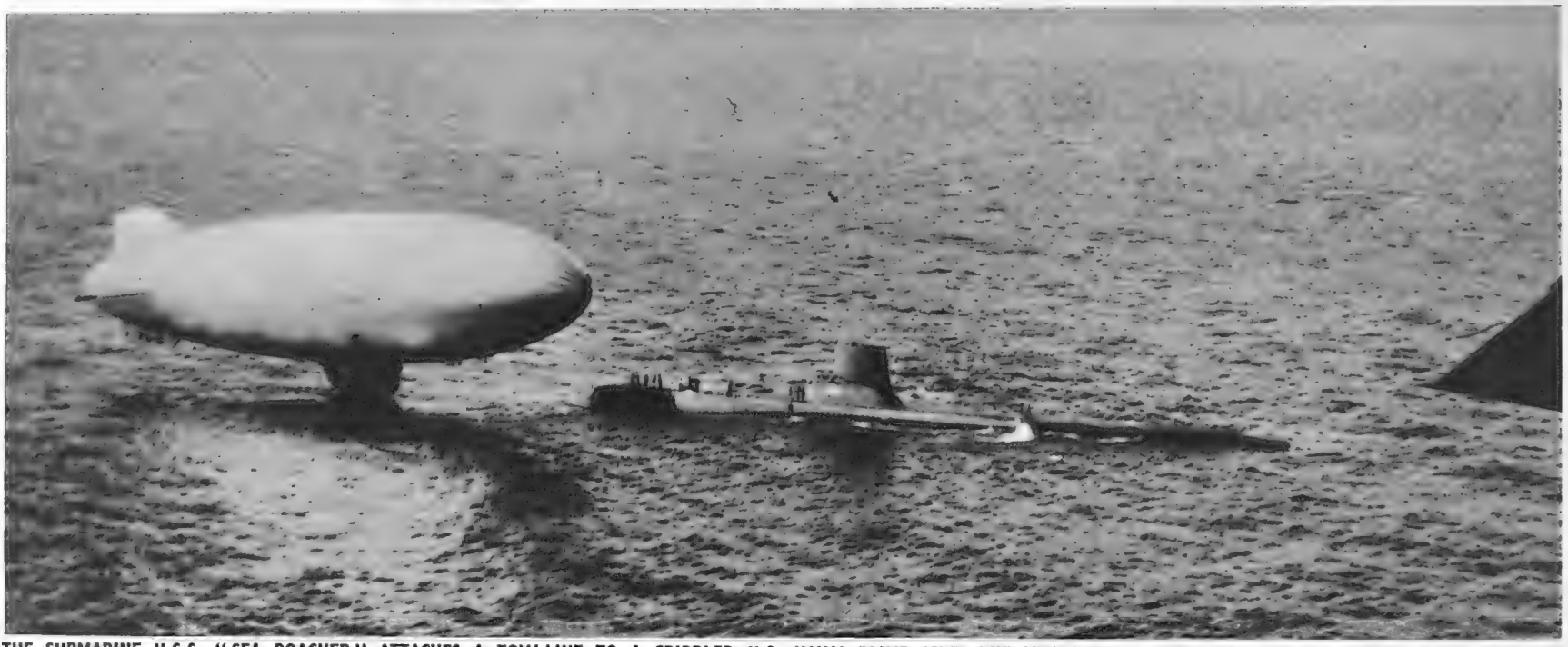
It would be agreeable to end without mentioning any shadows on the picture. But there is one that needs mentioning, the lessening of economic ties between Britain and Canada, a matter far more momentous than the dropping of the name "Dominion" or its odd French equivalent, "Puissance." Before the late war, Canada ran a deficit to the United States which was paid off by a surplus earned in Britain. During the war, Canada, with her usual sense of discipline, adjusted her production, her markets and her sources of supply to the needs of the Grand Alliance. After the war, she still ran a deficit with the United States, but found it harder and harder to run a surplus with us. Even her generosity in gifts and loans (proportionately even greater than that of the United States) did not suffice. Sometimes we could not make suitable bargains; sometimes we did not keep the bargains we had made. The Canadians, publicly and privately, have been understanding and sympathetic. But they are beginning to wonder if that is enough. We lost—we had to lose—the Canadian market during the war. But we have been warned—if we lose it again we lose it for good. That would be a pity, for the Canadians are as anxious as we to keep the market open and for more than goods. British, French, and Americans are exempt from all but minor immigration restrictions and British immigrants are encouraged to revive the great emigration movement of the years before the first war, when, at any rate in the west of Scotland, it seemed that everybody was moving to Canada. The boom then was nothing to the boom now, which literally stretches, like the Dominion, from sea to sea. It will be a great pity, to put it no more strongly, if we are not in on it.

MUCH OF CANADA'S NORTH HAS BEEN OPENED UP BY THE DOUGHTY "BUSH PILOT" : Here old and new methods of transport rub shoulders at Knob Lake, in the heart of the Ungava ore deposits, where surveyors load a Norseman aircraft for a trip to outlying camps. The journey from Seven Islands, in the St. Lawrence, to Knob Lake, a distance of 360 air miles, takes thirty-one days by canoe, and only three hours by air.

DISASTER IN THE AIR

A Seaplane Collides with a Lifeboat in Mid-Atlantic; An American Jet-plane Disintegrates in the Air; and News Pictures of Other Air Disasters

A U.S. AIR FORCE AMPHIBIOUS PLANE IS DISABLED AFTER COLLIDING WITH A LIFEBOAT IN MID-ATLANTIC, 700 MILES FROM NEW YORK : The two members of the lifeboat's crew are seen in the foreground of the left-hand picture. They jumped overboard when the collision took place. The lifeboat was from the Military Sea Transport *General Patch*, and an attempt was being made to transfer T/Sergeant Charles Buggy from the lifeboat to the plane so that he could go on compassionate leave.



THE SUBMARINE U.S.S. "SEA POACHER" ATTACHES A TOW-LINE TO A CRIPPLED U.S. NAVAL BLIMP AFTER THE AIRCRAFT HAD DIVED INTO THE SEA DURING NAVAL EXERCISES OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA : The blimp was making a mock attack upon the submarine, but during a dive was caught in a down-draught and pulled into the ocean. Although it remained afloat, the motors were flooded and the propellers bent. The submarine attached tow-lines to the helpless Blimp, and despite the rough seas which were running at the time, completed the long tow back to Boca Chica air base without mishap, thus saving the U.S. Navy about 600,000 dollars.

AN AMERICAN JET-PLANE DISINTEGRATES IN MID-AIR : The plane, a F-89 Scorpion jet-plane, was taking part in the International Aviation Exposition at Detroit when one of its wings broke off. This dramatic picture shows the fuselage of the plane shooting off, while the tail structure and the burning wing fall behind it. Beneath them flies another plane of the same kind which was not damaged. The fuselage finally crashed into an ammunition shed of the Michigan National Guard and exploding bullets endangered the lives of spectators who ran to the scene in a rescue attempt. The two members of the crew of the plane were killed, but there was no other casualty. Mr. Finletter, Secretary of the Air Force, and General Vandenberg were among the many spectators who saw the jet-plane crash.

GERMAN BOYS GAZE AT PARTS OF THE WRECKED YORK AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED IN THE SOVIET ZONE OF GERMANY RECENTLY : These parts had just been transported to the Western Sector by British Engineers. It was not until four days after the plane had crashed that Soviet authorities would concede to the British Military Commission's request that "certain salvage operations may be carried out." The aircraft had just taken off from Tempelhof Airport, when one of her four engines caught fire. The flight engineer was killed, but the pilot and navigator escaped unhurt.

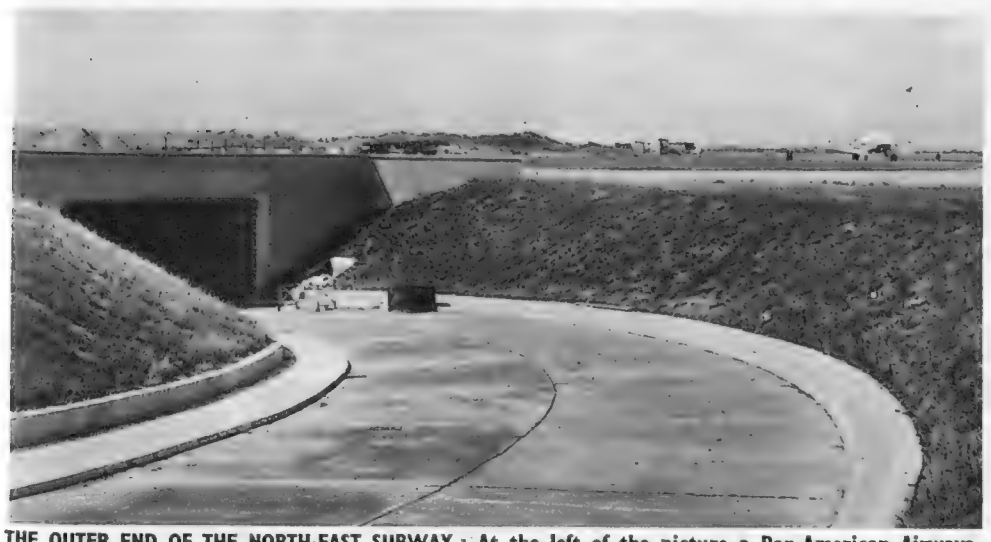
THE PROGRESS OF CONSTRUCTION ON ONE OF THE TRAFFIC TUNNELS : This is the western ramp which leads down to the traffic roundabout being built at the northern end of the tunnel at London Airport.

WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE NEW TRAFFIC TUNNELS AT

LONDON AIRPORT

London Airport, biggest air traffic terminus in the country, will, in the not too distant future, be unique where airports of the world are concerned. A scheme now in the process of construction will, on its completion, transform the place into a series of tunnels which will lead to the 54 acres of airport buildings situated in the centre of the aerodrome. The tunnels will handle all traffic from the new terminal buildings and will lead to a low-level roundabout at the foot of a ramp road up to the public highway. The first ramp will emerge in a westerly direction at the western end of the existing public enclosure, but there will also be an easterly ramp. The main subways will consist of four tubes and the total width of the tunnels will be 86 ft.

THE SOUTHERN PORTAL OF THE MAIN TUNNEL : This picture shows the four subways—outbound pedestrian-cycle, outbound and inbound vehicular and inbound pedestrian-cycle. Each vehicular tunnel has an internal height of 17 ft., while the pedestrian subways are carried through on a suspended slab at portal level, the space underneath being used for air ducts.



THE OUTER END OF THE NORTH-EAST SUBWAY : At the left of the picture a Pan-American Airways DC-6 is seen taxi-ing over a completed section of the tunnel. When completed the tunnels will be the only means of communication between the terminal buildings situated in the centre of the airport, and which have yet to be erected, and the surrounding area.

INSIDE ONE OF THE TUNNELS : With the aid of floodlights workmen proceed with the finishing touches on the outbound, or western vehicular tunnel. The tunnels are two-fifths of a mile long and they are being built on what is called the "cut and cover" method. Enormous trenches are dug and the damp-proofed, concrete tunnels are built along the bottom, then covered again with some 7 ft. of soil.

BOISTEROUS DAYS AT BURNHAM

A Memorable Week of Racing on the Waters of the River Crouch

By UFFA FOX

THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH: This famous club-house was designed by Mr. Joseph Emberton and won the R.I.B.A. medal for the best building of its year. Burnham remains the ideal centre for the London yachtsman, and Burnham Week is his great week of the year. Royal Corinthian started sponsoring races at Burnham during 1893.

THE UFFA FOX-DESIGNED "FLAVIA" RACING AT BURNHAM: Mr. Fox is seen handling the jib sheet in this new yacht of Kenneth Preston's, which scored a well-earned victory.

THE STARTING-POST AT THE PILE HOUSE BEACONS LINE, WHERE MOST OF THE BURNHAM RACES ARE STARTED: On the easel on the right is displayed the course letter which corresponds with one of the set courses in the programme.

Burnham is situated on the north bank of the River Crouch, the mouth of which empties into the North Sea one-third of the distance between the River Thames and Harwich. It owes its popularity to several factors. In the first place, it is only forty miles as the crow flies from Hyde Park Corner (although the winding Essex roads make it almost a two-hour drive from London town, the train taking a little longer).

Once at Burnham, the sailing man is surrounded by all the things he enjoys; the river is full of fish and oysters; the winds on it are truer than in most places, because of the flat land all around; the small population is made up of fishermen, ship- and boat-builders, engineers and farmers; at every hand he hears the cries of sea-birds; the scenery by the Crouch is mostly of quiet and subdued browns; a little way from the river are all the gentle country scenes made world famous by the paintings of Constable.

So here at Burnham a man can sail about in his little ship with all the things he loves around him: fishermen, boatyards, sea-birds, and sweet solitude (if he likes this), or the companionship of sailing men in the yacht clubs.

The first day of the meeting, under the burgee of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, came in with a smart easterly breeze, which fell away to a calm in the afternoon. Eight classes started their races in the forenoon, and these enjoyed the best sport of the day, for by the time the afternoon classes started, the wind was so light that many gave up, and it was impossible to battle against the tide with so little wind. Altogether, 155 craft in the twenty-five classes answered the starting-gun.

After a peaceful Sunday, Monday dawned with a spanking westerly wind, and by then most of those who were to race had arrived; indeed, over 200 yachts were started by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. The westerly wind gave a wonderful beat to windward for all classes, as it meant a dead peg to windward the whole length of the river against the ebb tide.

In these conditions the north shore is the fastest way home. This was so crowded that several boats worked the southern shore, where they endured more tide but suffered less from interference by other craft. The river is only a quarter of a mile wide. There were 202 sailing-craft battling with the wind, tide and each other all at one and the same time, and each and every one working the shallow water on either bank to avoid the stronger tides running in the deeper water, and yet, with all that number, there were only two protests, which tells of a great deal of kindness and tolerance, as all were sailing within inches of each other the whole time.

Tuesday, another Corinthian day, gave all the classes a running start, with spinnakers set, and in the 5.5-metre class, every boat went out in front at different times; the Commodore, in *Hank*, leading round the first mark. Then Kenneth Preston, with *Flavia*, led round the Roach and Shore Ends Buoy, but on the beat to windward every boat in the fleet led in turn, as the wind shifted with the heavy clouds passing overhead, until finally the wind swung from west to north, and *Flavia*, sailing along the north bank, led the fleet home. *Nauta*, a long way astern, chose the south bank, and, hopping from one eddy to another, she closed in on the fleet and at length sailed into second place, evidencing that, though the north bank is the fastest when it is a beat to windward over a foul tide, the south side is the fastest way over the ebb tide when you are reaching home with a north wind. These courses call for a great deal of knowledge and judgment, and the successful helmsman

THE INTERNATIONAL 5.5'S RACING ON THE WINDWARD LEG OF A COURSE: In the foreground is Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Harrison's *Maryllis* (K.3), which scored a fine win on the opening day, and another on the second day, on both occasions beating *Nauta II*, which is seen in the distance on right. On the left is *Flavia*.

H. M. PINNEY'S SCHOONER "CARRINA" RACING IN THE CLASS "A" HANDICAP FOR CRUISERS EXCEEDING 27-FT. IN THE R.O.R.C. RATING: There was a good entry in this class for the bigger fellows, among them S. R. Linder's *Sea Saga*.

"HANK" SHOWS HER PACES: Mr. F. G. Mitchell's 5.5 in action at Burnham. She performs with credit in a popular class as yet only on the verge of its development.

THE ESSEX ONE-DESIGN CLASS (WITH ONE DRAGON AMONGST THEM) AT THE SHORE ENDS BUOY: This picture is of special interest as it indicates the keenness of the struggle during Burnham Week, in which the entries were particularly good.

must balance up a whole number of factors accurately, as well as trim and sail his vessel well.

To make a change, the flag officers of the River Crouch Sailing Club arranged a south-west wind of about gale force for their regatta on Wednesday.

Every yacht in the cruiser classes reefed and very few in any of the classes carried spinnakers or needed them. In the light centre board classes there were many capsizes and the whole river teemed with excitement. Even the moored and anchored craft were full of life and action as the wave-tops whipped past their bows, and yet with all this wind the officers of the day sent the classes out round the W. Buxey Buoy, so giving them the longest and hardest beat of the week home against the strong ebb tide. This was ideal for the 5.5-metre *Nauta*, as on the long hard thrash to windward from the W. Buxey home Leslie Kent opened up a lead of 28 minutes with her.

Pat Dyas, in his Dragon *Prowl*, also opened up a good lead, but for many the weather was too severe. Masts, spas, cross-trees, goosenecks and such things were carried away, while C. J. Cummings' dragon *Nimla* filled and sank under him. Thursday, another River Crouch Yacht Club day, was more restful. A steady and yet gentle breeze blew from the west-north-west, giving a run down the Crouch and a reach up and down the Roach, and a long and short peg home from the outer March to the finish line—and everyone enjoyed the respite.

THE DRAGONS WITH SPINNAKERS SET: In the lead is H. J. Pye's *Arabis*, and following her is *Troll* (K 240), owned by P. Dyas. *Troll* had a very good win on the fourth day of the meeting, when there was a strong westerly wind which brought about a few mishaps. Several of the smaller craft capsized on this particular day.

On right—

"HELEN OF TROY": H. King Spark's yacht competing in a Class B 2 Handicap for rated cruisers which are of less than 20-ft. R.O.R.C. rating.

REPORTING FOR "THE SPHERE" AT BURNHAM: Uffa Fox, a new portrait by Gabor Denes taken outside the latter's waterside home at Cowes, Isle of Wight.

R.C.O.D.s COMING UP TO THE SHORE ENDS BUOY, THE LEEWARD MARK OF THEIR COURSE: Boats of the Royal Corinthian One-Design Class about to round the mark. R. C. Webster's *Coriander* (No. 14), the *Corsair* (No. 8), which is in triple ownership, F. G. Van Duzer's *Corinna* (No. 7) are seen here from left to right.

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS

The T.U.C. Conference at Margate, Prince Philip at Farnborough, and Other Items of Home News Told in Pictures

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS CONFERENCE OPENS IN THE WINTER GARDENS AT MARGATE—THE CONFERENCE HALL ON THE FIRST DAY: This was the first Congress for twelve years to be held with a Conservative Government in power.

The 84th Conference of the Trades Union Congress, presided over by Mr. Arthur Deakin, opened at Margate last week. Mr. Deakin devoted a large part of his Presidential address to encroachment on Trade Union rights. The deepest of the union leaders' apprehensions arose from the dispute in the D. C. Thomson and Co., Ltd. case, and particularly from the legal action which the firm initiated. The T.U.C. decided in a private session to arrange a meeting with the Prime Minister and the Minister of Labour, to discuss this dispute. On the second day of Congress the General Council's policy statement on rearmament was endorsed by a majority of 4 to 1. Among many other subjects that were discussed on subsequent days were the Nationalised industries. A composite resolution called on the General Council to "formulate proposals for the extension of social ownership to other industries and services," and was carried amid uproar lasting twenty minutes. The decision was of the utmost significance, for there were many present who foreshadowed that at Morecambe the Constituency Labour Parties would be voicing the same view.

MR. ARTHUR DEAKIN, PRESIDENT OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS, MAKING THE OPENING ADDRESS AT THE 84TH CONGRESS AT MARGATE LAST WEEK: Mr. Deakin, in his address, denied the right of an employer to make non-unionism a condition of employment, and said that the T.U.C. would continue to assert the right of unionists to decide whether they would work with non-unionists. This theme occurred in subsequent debates.

THE HOP-PICKING SEASON GETS UNDER WAY AT BODIAM, IN SUSSEX—A GENERAL VIEW OF WORK IN PROGRESS: The usual army of Londoners has now taken up quarters in Kent and Sussex, and the hop-picking season is in full swing. A spell of wet weather was of much benefit to the hops, and picking was able to begin earlier than usual this year. The crop is a healthy one and growers are reporting a good-quality harvest, although the quantity may not be so great as in previous years.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WALKS PAST THE PARKED AIRCRAFT AT THE FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW : Prince Philip, who is in residence at Balmoral, flew south in a Viking of the Queen's Flight to watch the opening day of the show. His aircraft landed at Blackbushe Airport and Prince Philip completed the journey by car. He has a heavy list of engagements in the near future, ranging from an inspection of playing fields in the West Country to the opening of the hydro-electric station at Glen Affric, in Scotland ; he has therefore to take advantage of the facilities offered him by air travel. Probably the most important event in the programme at Farnborough was the first appearance of the Avro 698 four-jet Delta bomber. Other highlights included the flight over the airfield of the Saunders Roe Princess flying-boat.

MR. ATTLEE ARRIVES HOME AFTER HIS VISIT TO NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN RHODESIA : Mr. Attlee arrived at London Airport in an Argonaut relief plane which flew him and Mrs. Attlee from Rome. They were to have flown all the way in a B.O.A.C. jet Comet, but when the aircraft reached Rome a hydraulic leak was suspected. Another fault had developed earlier, during the flight from Johannesburg to Khartoum, but after being serviced the plane left for Rome. When the Argonaut landed at London Airport, the pilot discovered that the Comet had beaten him home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Attlee arrived looking well and untired by their journey. Referring to his tour to investigate the Central African Federation scheme, Mr. Attlee said that he had had a very interesting visit, and had talked with many Africans and Europeans in both Northern and Southern Rhodesia.

On left—

THE ST. SIMON ZELOTES CHOIR SING AT THE COMMEMORATION SERVICE HELD AT OLIVER CROMWELL'S STATUE IN WESTMINSTER : The choir was conducted by Mr. Reginald Harris, and "drummers" from the Honourable Artillery Company were in attendance. The President of the Cromwell Association, Mr. Isaac Foot, spoke from the base of the statue in Westminster. It was a noisy site, but the amplification system was good and not a word was lost. Mr. Foot suggested that if our Governors were wise, they would halt the Coronation procession as it passed the statue, so that salutes could be made, for, said he, if there had been no Oliver Cromwell, there would have been no Elizabeth II. This service is the fourth that the Cromwell Association has arranged, and it seems that the service will soon be nothing but a memory ; the majority of the Cromwellians were over fifty years of age and the rest a good deal older.

PEACH STONES FOR THE SAHARA DESERT : The four members of the expedition, which hopes to check the inexorable advance of the Sahara Desert by planting trees, are seen in this picture at a blessing ceremony held last week in Trafalgar Square. The blessing was given by the Rev. John Bullock (left), curate of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. After the ceremony, Mr. R. St. Barbe Baker (second from left) held a sack open while thousands of Londoners and visitors dropped in peach stones. Many more stones arrived by post. The expedition is being financed by the Men of the Trees, an organisation of tree-lovers founded by Mr. Baker thirty years ago. With Mr. Baker in this picture are (from left to right) Major R. C. Harrison, desert transport expert and Arabic scholar ; Mr. R. Perry, forester ; and Mr. Money-Kyrle, ecologist. Their main objects are to chart the remains of former forests, and survey the possibilities of large-scale afforestation.

WELLINGTON, THE GREAT LAST-DITCHER

It is a Hundred Years Since the Duke Died, and this Year we have a Chance to Honour his Memory at the School Named after him

By JOHN GORE

THIS month of September and this year 1952 mark the death-centenary of the great and first Duke of Wellington and mark also the birth of the idea of a public school to be called Wellington College to be founded in his memory. The idea grew swiftly. The foundations were laid four years after his death. The College was designed to provide the cheapest and best possible education for the orphan children of poor and deserving Army officers, and, *inter multos alios*, many such are still so educated at Wellington. As "Foundationers" more than 1,500 of them have passed through and gone out into the world; 1,200 Old Wellingtonians have given their lives for their country and the school has won countless honours besides fifteen V.C.s.

No great Englishman, not excluding Shakespeare, has had so many national memorials raised to his fame as has the Duke. No great Englishman has had so much written about him and perhaps none was so profuse with his autograph. Busy as he was as soldier or statesman, he wrote continuously on weighty or trivial matters in his own hand. You can pick up his autograph for half-a-crown but you will pay much more to find out anything new to say about him a century after his death. I will treat him first before saying a final word on Wellington College. For 100 years ago *he* died and the College was born, and I am not sure that he had any share in the birth of the idea. He was certainly opposed to a purely military education; he regarded the ordinary public school and the regiment as the best training for officers, and the development of Wellington College evolved along that line of thought.

He was a Tory of Tories in Service and political thought and action, and he never lived to envisage an army not recruited in large part from "the scum of the earth."

It is very difficult to be *definitive* even to-day about the chief points of his character. All biographers and historians accept his selfless public spirit, his manly simplicity, his imperturbable nerve, his strength of will and self-reliance. He was quick-tempered but controlled, but if he bore no long grudges, he did not always remember personal services. He was something of a cynic of human nature and motives, and could use his colleagues as pawns, and though he could always win respect and admiration, he seldom won the love of his soldiers and fellow-men. Yet he was intensely human, often felt his loneliness, relied much on female sympathy and could be as pathetically weak in private as he was strong in public matters. The fraud could impose on his generosity in private life while his uncannily sharp eye for the crook in public life never dimmed.

As a war commander he has been called reckless and too prudent, wonderfully lucky and wonderfully adroit. There is nothing much in the contradictions. He knew how to pluck Fortune's robe and when to ca' canny. He fought many of his great victories without adequate reserves and without the favour and support of the Governments at home. Many have deplored his entry into politics after Waterloo; have argued how much greater a figure such men as Lloyd George, Churchill and the Duke might have been had they retired into privacy after their lion's shares in World-War victory. Except perhaps in the case of Lloyd George, this argument is not sustainable. It is non-proven in Churchill's case; it must be dismissed in the Duke's. Only in the years 1830-32 could such an argument have been reasonable, when his intransigence over Reform seemed, in the then temper of the nation's majority, stupid and senile. Twenty years after, a nation's tribute gave unequivocal proof of the greatness of his services to England and the sustained beneficence of his world-influence in politics in the last two decades of his long life of constant service and selfless patriotism.

As a biographer I attach first importance to family opinion and authentic anecdotes. Few men are heroes in their own families. Two of Wellington's brothers, during bitter political crises, put the fool's-cap on his *obstinacy*. As a boy my grandfather acted as Wellesley's page at Viceregal Lodge, and was one day sitting opposite him in the barouche during the Emancipation crisis. The Viceroy long sat muttering in gloomy mood, and then suddenly burst out: "Little Charley Gore, I 'll tell ye a thing; my brother Arthur is the greatest ass in Christendom!" My grandfather loved to recount this authentic tale. Maryborough said much the same thing of his famous brother during the Reform crisis. No doubt whatever, "the fool of the family" of those remarkable Wellesleys retained some of his reputation for pigheadedness among his kith and kin in the days of his greatness.

And then old Creevey. We should be poorer indeed if Creevey, on that famous morning, June 19, 1815, had not strolled round to the Duke's headquarters in Brussels and if the Duke had not observed and beckoned him up. Creevey's reporting is perfectly authentic and accurate. Why did the Duke beckon up an absentee Opposition M.P.? It is a feather in Creevey's cap, gives the lie to those who dismiss him contemptuously as an imp, a toady, a mere gossip.

For that feather Creevey paid the Duke and his biographers a signal service. He revealed his character at a vital moment at the apex of his glory and it stands a gruelling test. Tennyson's is a full and splendid testimonial; I derive more colour and certainty from Creevey's enlarged snapshot.

A century has gone by since that tremendous catafalque jolted its way through London. In that century many of the Duke's last-ditch jeremiads have proved to be not so wide of the mark. He stood for order, world order and social order; he believed that the foundations of whatsoever political system could only survive if based on order, discipline and the power to enforce them. Such is the simple ideal of the public school, a world of prefects and fags, classes and grades.

The transitional conditions of our day "wouldn't have done for the Duke." No doubt; but, I fancy, were he alive to-day and had time to digest the fearful revolutions of half a century of world war, he would not appear as a tragic last-ditcher with all his weapons struck from his hands. He fought reform until it passed the Lords in 1832 and then instantly set to to avert its worst dangers and to *make it work*. With him country came before party, and he was never concerned with face-saving.

And so with a final toast to the memory of the Great Duke, I will give my tail-piece to an appeal for the great public school which bears his name.

Wellington College is launching an appeal for funds to maintain the number of its Foundationers. It is not appealing, as in the case of other public schools, for school amenities. It is not appealing for the means to assist only the sons of old Wellington boys. It is appealing for £300,000 (to increase its foundation income by £10,000 a year) to enable it to educate sixty sons of dead Army officers and twenty more, the sons of officers of the R.N., R.M. and R.A.F.—eighty foundation scholars out of the 600 boys now in the school.

It is a big sum to ask. But the appeal is attractive and happily-timed. Neither Waterloo nor Ypres nor Normandy nor Korea are forgotten, and if old soldiers die, their glory and their sons deserve to be maintained. The big donor buys a glorious privilege with his four-figure cheque—the right to nominate one boy for his school life for every £1,000 subscribed. But £5 will *help* to nominate one boy and stand as a token of gratitude to and recollection of the man who raised his hat at the end of that gruelling day in 1815 for the final advance down the bloody slope to Belle Alliance.

"Form column of companies and move on directly."

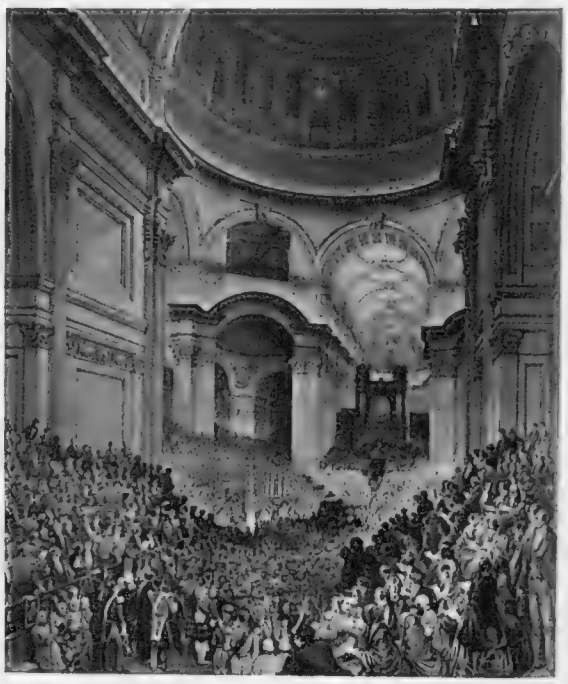
"In what direction, my Lord?"

"Right ahead, to be sure."

Yes, to be sure, right ahead.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING APSLEY HOUSE: This lithograph, after L. Haghe, is in the Guildhall Museum in London, and together with other pictures on this page, was reproduced by Cassell and Company in their elaborate volume *Splendid Occasions in English History*, which was published last year. The Duke of Wellington died quietly in his chair at Walmer Castle on September 14, 1852.

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL: Everyone from the Queen to the costermonger went to Chelsea, and on one day such was the crush there was a stampede in which two people were killed and some dozens injured.



THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: At the Cathedral all the Ambassadors of the great foreign Powers, except the Austrian Ambassador, were assembled at the head of a mighty congregation to pay a last tribute to the man who had brought Napoleon Buonaparte to his knees at Waterloo.

* All inquiries and subscriptions should be addressed to H. F. Donner, Wellington College, Crowthorne, Berkshire.

THE GLORY OF JOHN NASH'S LONDON

The Restoration of the Celebrated Terraces in Regent's Park, Parts of which are still in the Possession of Government Departments

When in 1947 a Government Committee sitting under Lord Gorell reported that the celebrated Nash Terraces in Regent's Park would neither be demolished nor, as was feared, be converted permanently into a second Whitehall, there was widespread satisfaction, and alterations and modifications made later in the year and in 1948, to fit the houses for temporary use by Government departments, in no way interfered with the declared plan of restoring the houses and handing them back to private ownership in the space of about five years. The houses were extensively damaged during the war and much decay was also caused by neglect. Work has been going ahead steadily in the famous Terraces during the past few years and much of the former beauty and splendour has now been restored. The cost of the repairs, now, alas, expected to be far in excess of the original estimate of about £1,500,000, is to be borne partly by the Commissioners for Crown Lands while part of it is recoverable from the War Damage Commission.

John Nash provided the façade design for all the Terraces (except Cornwall and Clarence, which are credited to Decimus Burton), and the sites were let to builders who erected the houses to other architects' interior designs, always conforming to Nash's drawings for the Park elevations. Since their erection the houses have had many distinguished residents.

RESTORED SCULPTURAL WORK IN CUMBERLAND TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK: This section of the Corinthian portico which adorns the centrepiece of Cumberland Terrace was in a sad state of neglect prior to the recent restoration. The original work was done by J. G. Bubb. Cumberland Terrace, together with the other Nash Terraces in Regent's Park, is being restored to its former glory following damage caused by bombing and the ravages of time. Although some of the houses are now occupied by various Government departments, the ultimate plan is for most of the houses to be restored into private residences again.

THE RESTORATION OF CUMBERLAND TERRACE NEARS COMPLETION: For some time scaffolding has been in place alongside the houses and until this is removed the full glory of the work cannot be revealed. In 1950 it was said that repairs to the Nash Terraces were costing six times the original estimate.

RESTORED TO ITS FORMER SPLENDOUR—THE NORTH ENTRANCE (*left*) AND THE SOUTH END OF CHESTER TERRACE: At the moment most of the houses in Chester Terrace are occupied by Government departments. High up on one of the walls of John Nash House, No. 3 Chester Terrace, which suffered from decay, is a bust of the great architect. The present restoration is the outcome of a report published by a Government Committee appointed in 1946 to decide the future of the Terraces.

DRESS-REHEARSING FOR THE FIRST NIGHT OF FREDERICK ASHTON'S BALLET "SYLVIA" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: Margot Fonteyn leans across the orchestra pit to discuss a point with the conductor. On the left, carrying a handbag, is Dame Ninette de Valois and in the centre of the stage, with arms crossed, is Frederick Ashton, choreographer of the new ballet.

On Wednesday of last week the Sadler's Wells Ballet gave their first performance of the three-act classical ballet *Sylvia*, with new choreography by Frederick Ashton and costumes and scenery designed by Robin and Christopher Ironside. On the opening night, Margot Fonteyn danced the name-part. On the following two nights, Violetta Elvin and then Beryl Grey took over the role and, for the remainder of the short four-week season, these three ballerinas will take turns in the chief part. Other ballets in the repertory include *Mam'zelle Angot*, *Don Juan*, *Bonne-Bouche* and *Coppelia*. In 1911 Lydia Kyasht danced a short version of the ballet *Sylvia* to Delibes's music. It has been danced at the Paris Opera since 1876. Now London has seen its first performance as a three-act ballet, the full score having been assembled by Richard Temple-Savage, librarian at Covent Garden, and Robert Irving, one of the conductors of the Sadler's Wells orchestra.

BALLET, STAGE AND FILM

A NEW PRODUCTION OF THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET; CLAIRE BLOOM IN SHAKESPEARE TRAGEDY AND CHAPLIN COMEDY

CLAIRE BLOOM AS A SHAKESPEAREAN AND A CHAPLIN HEROINE: The young actress will be seen at the Old Vic as Juliet next Monday, and, later in the year, as the ballerina befriended by Chaplin as the ageing music-hall clown in his new film *Limelight*.

On left—
Alan Badel and Claire Bloom as the star-crossed lovers in the latest Old Vic production of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was first seen at the Edinburgh Festival. Hugh Hunt, Director of the Old Vic, is responsible for the production, which has Athene Seyler as the Nurse, and Peter Finch as Mercutio, and which starts the Old Vic season next week.

Above—
Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom in the newly completed film *Limelight*, in which the young actress makes her first appearance opposite the famous comedian. Two of Charlie Chaplin's sons—Charles Junior and Sydney—have parts in the film, and three other Chaplin children—Michael, Josephine and Geraldine—also make brief appearances.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP AND THE QUEEN MOTHER ON THEIR WAY TO CRATHIE CHURCH, WHERE THEY ATTENDED MORNING SERVICE LAST WEEK: A crowd of over 4,000 converged on Crathie Church to greet the Royal family when they arrived for the morning service. The Queen, dressed in powder-blue, motored from Balmoral with Prince Philip, who was in Highland dress. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, who are in residence at Birkhall, on the Balmoral Estate, also attended. Both were dressed in black. Also in the Royal pew were the Duke of Kent, Prince Michael and Princess Alexandra, who were on holiday at a shooting lodge in Glen Muik. The service was conducted by the Rev. John Lamb, Domestic Chaplain to the Royal Household, and the preacher was the Rev. Berry Preston.

THE QUEEN AT CRATHIE CHURCH

Spanish Royalty on the Scottish Moors; and Other News Items from North of the Border

A COMING-OF-AGE PARTY FOR THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE DUKEDOM OF ATHOLL: Over 600 tenants, feuars and friends were the guests of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. Campbell-Preston at Blair Castle, Blair Atholl, recently at a coming-of-age party for their son, Mr. Iain Murray, heir presumptive to the Dukedom of Atholl. Seen at the party; from left to right (front row) are the Duchess of Atholl, Mr. Iain Murray, Mrs. Campbell-Preston (mother to Mr. Murray) and Lady Murray (grandmother). In the back row are: Major Iain Murray, Lord James Stewart Murray (the Duke of Atholl), Viscount Cowdray and Colonel Campbell-Preston. On behalf of the tenants, feuars and friends, Mr. James Borrie presented Mr. Murray with a radiogram, and Mr. W. E. Paterson, estate factor, presented him with four wall lamps on behalf of the estate employees. Another present was a shooting-stick, from the Blair Atholl branch of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society.

THE ATHOLL HIGHLANDERS PLAYING AT THE COMING-OF-AGE PARTY HELD FOR THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE DUKEDOM OF ATHOLL: The pipers, seen here in the ballroom of Blair Castle, are the private army of the Duke of Atholl, and make very few appearances nowadays.

On left—

TWO GERMAN PRINCES WHO STAYED AT BALMORAL: Prince Welf, aged five, and his two-year-old brother Prince Georg of Hanover had just spent a holiday at Balmoral. They are nephews of the Duke of Edinburgh. Their mother, Princess Sophie, the Duke's sister, married Prince Georg of Hanover in 1946, and the family live at Lake Constance.

On right—

THE COUNT OF BARCELONA HAS LUNCH ON A SCOTTISH MOOR: The Count of Barcelona, Don Juan, Pretender to the Spanish Throne (extreme right), the Countess and their three children spent a day shooting grouse on Kennacoil Moor, near Dunkeld, Perthshire.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

A JOURNEY TO THE CANARY ISLES

Where the Visitor will Find the Perfect Climate, Delightful Living Conditions, and Many Curious Sights

IN that delectable play *Mary Rose*, Barrie tells us of "The-Island-That-Likes-to-be-Visited"; and I feel sure that he must have based his "færie isle" on one or other of the Canaries. For, speaking as a dyed-in-the-wool island-lover, and with considerable experience of these glittering, sea-girdled morsels of land, I make the claim, really and truly, that this group of Atlantic islands, which constitute two provinces of metropolitan Spain, and thus are considered to be part of Europe, is as near an earthly paradise as you can find.

Yet, strangely enough, despite their comparative ease of access, only those important ports Las Palmas (Grand Canary) and Santa Cruz de Tenerife (Tenerife) are well known to travellers. While Lanzarote, La Palma, Fuerteventura, Hierro and Gomera, the remaining inhabited islands of the group, are rarely visited; in fact, on the last two I found, during a recent trip, that I was acclaimed as being the first Briton to have seen them for many years.

Leaving London in mid-afternoon by Iberia Spanish Airlines, I reached the rather fantastic airport at Madrid in time for dinner. Then, another Iberia plane whisked me magically 1,250 miles through the night to Las Palmas, arriving there just after 1 a.m.—some ten hours after my departure from London airport. Had I been travelling to Tenerife by air, then a night would have been spent in Madrid and I would have got to my destination by one o'clock the next afternoon. I could also have made the air journey by Aquila Airways.

By sea, there is the choice of many ships, including those of the Royal Mail and Union-Castle lines; while there is an express steamer service operated by the Companiá–Transmediterránea, starting from Barcelona (which can be reached by frequent air services from London, as well as by train), with only one call en route at Cadiz. The trip takes four days, and the ships are comfortable—with Spanish cooking, of course.

Whether you go by air or by sea, make quite sure before leaving home about your return reservation, for this should not be left to chance. From Tenerife and Grand Canary, Lanzarote, Fuerteventura and, shortly, La Palma, may be reached by local services of Iberia Airlines, and the bookings can be made in Britain. These three islands, along with Gomera and Hierro, are also served by the somewhat ancient vessels of the Companiá–Transmediterránea, but no arrangements for passages can be fixed up except on the spot; and even there, you require a considerable amount of ingenuity and patience. The very helpful information offices at Las Palmas and Santa Cruz can, however, usually aid you in the struggle. The goals, indeed, justify the trouble.

Common to all the Canaries is an equable, spring-like climate, justifying their claim to be the "Isles of Eternal Spring." The thermometer, in fact, varies little throughout the year, so that there is warmth in mid-winter, cool days in the summer; and there are no chills after sunset.

Apart, however, from the similarity of climate (excepting the rainfall), each island is quite different from the others, both in physical character and in the type of its inhabitants; yet the islands are not widely separated in distance. Fuerteventura, for instance, is like the Saharan desert, while near-by Lanzarote is volcanic; La Palma is luxuriously tropical, and adjoining Hierro is Alpine. With the possible exception of Fuerteventura, the remaining six islands all possess tourist appeal, although Hierro and Gomera—the cinderellas, but my favourites—can only offer somewhat primitive hotel accommodation, no serious barrier, however, to the true traveller.

In brief form, I will now deal with the various islands

Grand Canary.—Las Palmas, with its fine harbour and its continuous movement of ships flying flags of all nationalities, is the only lively centre on the island. Visitors must not imagine, however, that the barren, sandy country overlooking the city is a pattern of what the interior is really like. With the exception of the actual sand-dunes, almost the whole of it is fertile and capable of bearing crops in profusion when there is water with which the soil can be irrigated. Irrigation works have, in fact, been developed on a considerable scale. Prices of the best farmland run into some thousands of pounds an acre.

Excellent, flower-lined roads provide the means for making some glorious excursions, and the whole island is a show-case of landscapes and scenes of varied native life. Outstanding is the trip to Cruz de Tejeda (5,000 ft. high), where there is a first-class *parador* (wayside hotel), from which you look out over a superb view, sometimes described as "a petrified tempest." Beyond the sea, in the background, rises the island of Tenerife, with its majestic peak of Teide floating above the clouds.

Thanks to Nature's bounty, allied with a sane outlook on life, the Canarians indulge in frequent festivals, providing the visitor with a variety of colourful entertainment. This includes processions and firework displays, traditional dances performed to a peculiarly haunting music, cock-fights (with very high betting), curious wrestling matches, and "futbol" contests which whip the islanders to such a degree of patriotic excitement that on occasion there are cases of heart-failure among the spectators. Curious also is the local dog-racing in Las Palmas, with much betting *outside* of the grounds, but with only a handful of people within. In the Museum there are many skeletons, skulls and mummies of the original Guanche inhabitants, whose story is of considerable interest to the historically-minded.

In Las Palmas, the recently opened Santa Catalina Hotel is one of the most beautiful and luxurious in Europe; the Parque Hotel is also very pleasant; while for those who wish to consider cost, I can recommend the admirable Hotel Lentiscal at Tafira—a few minutes' bus ride from the town—where the full pension rate is under a pound a day: and the cuisine is superb. For further information, there is a very helpful Tourist Office in Las Palmas.

Tenerife.—Because of its tourist popularity, the limited hotel accommodation is often severely strained; so, if you contemplate a visit, make sure in advance of a reservation. Santa Cruz, the capital, is a lively city, beautifully situated, and the Hotel Mencey provides a luxurious home. The Hotel Camacho is a good second-class establishment. As a holiday centre, however, many visitors prefer Puerto de la Cruz in the famous Orotava Valley, which Humboldt declared to be the loveliest spot in the world. Here is the well-known Taoro Hotel, standing in its own garden-park; while a less expensive, but recommended, establishment is the Hotel Monopol.

The extremely progressive Information Office in Santa Cruz issues a wide range of brochures, guides, and so on, and can answer every kind of question. There are, of course, many wonderful excursions to be made: the ascent of Teide Peak, Spain's highest mountain, which dominates the island; to Icod, with its enormous dragon-tree, said to be at least 3,000 years old; the Botanical Gardens at Orotava; to La Laguna, perhaps the most interesting town in the Canaries; and along the new mountain road from Santa Cruz. Or you may just prefer to laze and laze in the most idyllic surroundings and in the perfect climate.

During the Festival of Corpus Christi, beautiful carpets of flowers pave the streets of Orotava, while July 25 is celebrated by the inhabitants of Santa Cruz, for it is the anniversary of the defeat of Nelson's squadron in 1797—the occasion on which he lost his arm.

La Palma.—This island is by many considered the first in point of beauty, for it is well watered, extremely fertile and well wooded. Santa Cruz de la Palma, the capital, is a pleasant town and a good excursion centre, while it also offers excellent accommodation in the recently opened *parador*, built and maintained by the Spanish Government Tourist Department. Here you can live luxuriously for about a guinea a day. There are also two satisfactory *fondas* (inns) on the other side of the island, at Los Llanos and El Paso; the latter has very good food.

These two villages are close to Gran Caldera, the biggest crater in the world, which is four miles across and between 6,500 and 7,000 ft. deep. Its interior, a little world in itself, is covered with rich vegetation and offers scenery of unique beauty. There is much else on this island to attract a visitor, which also possesses an important cigar industry. For the best cigars, grown from Cuban seed, you pay only about 6d. each. Generally speaking, I think La Palma makes the greatest appeal of all the islands in the Canaries.

Hierro.—This island is fascinating, but its lofty altitude makes it somewhat chilly during winter nights. It is remarkable for several things: its figs, said to be the most delicious in the world; its white wine, of peculiar vinosity; the outstanding view of El Golfo; the very healthy appearance of the local children; its park-like forests of *Pinus canariensis*; and some strange local customs. At wedding-feasts, for instance, all those present engage in pelting each other with bread pellets; and then, in May next year, there will be a nine-day religious procession across the island, accompanied by a number of dancers, who, like David before the Ark, dance the whole time. At Valverde, the destination, the image of the Virgen de los Reyes can be taken for a *paseo* (stroll) by those willing to pay a small sum for the privilege. The whole fiesta is a time of great rejoicing. In Valverde, the capital, there is simple but adequate inn accommodation.

Gomera.—Scenically, this is the wildest and most magnificent of the Canary Islands, and it is very mountainous. I long to return there and explore it thoroughly. Unfortunately, the hotel in San Sebastian, the tiny capital, is decidedly primitive, but the secretary of the Island Council might be able to help a visitor to get fixed up. In the town there is a quaint old church, with a painting of the repulse of the Dutch fleet from the harbour in 1599. It was in this church, too, that Columbus attended Mass and prayed to St. Mary of the Passage prior to his voyage for the discovery of the Indies. An old house is also pointed out as having been occupied by him during his stay.

A strange custom of the former inhabitants still survives—namely, talking by means of whistling. By this method a peasant can make himself heard at a distance of three to four miles, and a sufficiently rich language has been developed to enable conversation to be carried on.

A DELECTABLE ISLAND IN THE MIDST OF THE GULF STREAM: Las Palmas, Grand Canary, a white town of palm trees, with the roofs rising in tiers into the hills. Las Palmas Province is one of the Provinces of Spain. Santa Cruz de Tenerife is another province.

Lanzarote.—Resembling a landscape of the moon, this is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It enthralled me, for everything I saw was novel and unusual. Curiosity follows on curiosity, ranging from the most peculiar underground methods of farming cultivation to the Montanos de Fuego (Mountains of Fire), where you experience an amazing loneliness amidst a vast sea of lava beds and extinct volcanos—an infinite desolation. Then there is the Jameos de Agua, an underground lake of volcanic origin, whose depths teem with most curious specimens of aquatic fauna. Not least of the island's attractions is the *parador*, run by the Spanish State Tourist Department, standing on the harbour's edge at Arrecife, the capital. Here you could easily lead an idyllic lotus-life for weeks on end.

Fuerteventura.—This large, barren island has a most uninviting aspect, and apart from irrigated patches is just sand desert. What vegetation there is is exceedingly varied and of the greatest interest to the botanist, having been described as a miniature reproduction of certain parts of Northern Desert Africa, the coast of that continent being distant only sixty sea miles. Yet, 500 years ago, early Spanish filibusters reported that there were thick groves of palms and other trees and much water on this island. Camels are used, and there is a strange local breed of dog, which provides occasional opportunities for witnessing organised dog-fights. The hotel at Puerto de Cabras charges only 6s. a day for board and lodging.

In conclusion, further information concerning the Canaries can be obtained from the Spanish Tourist Office, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, the official information offices at Las Palmas and Santa Cruz, and the secretaries of the Island Councils on the other islands. For travel arrangements, including hotel reservations, a specialist firm I can recommend is Spanish Tourist Service, 4, West Halkin Street, London, S.W.1.

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A CHILDHOOD IN THE 'NINETIES

Lady Peck Portrays a Young Girl's Life in a Distinguished Clerical Family.

ANYONE who pictures a Victorian childhood as a desert of tears, blackboards and Greek declensions should turn gratefully to Lady Peck's chapters of early autobiography, A LITTLE LEARNING (Faber. 12s. 6d.), in which the author charmingly portrays a young girl's life in a distinguished clerical family in the '90's. Schooling there certainly was, and, in fact, Lady Peck devotes many of her pages to the problems and pleasures of education, but it was not necessarily of a forbidding nature and the girls appear to have had a very good chance of being as contented in their schoolrooms as are their present-day prototypes.

It is a salutary thing to reflect, as this book inclines one to, on the social changes during the past fifty years, but it is amusing to notice, too, that the essential childish nature does not change, and that it is still possible to see a children's procession in honour of St. Mark, for instance, heralded by a lion on his banner, very red in tooth and claw, bearing below the motto: "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Although Lady Peck has the good writing manners appropriate to the sister of the late E. V. Knox of *Punch*, and Monsignor Ronald Knox, it is diverting to see that she may still lay about her lustily, even while holding the politest of weapons, and that her views on some of the "progressive" schools are as outspoken as anyone could wish. Controversial, certainly, but pleasantly lively, too.

PEOPLE OF THE DEER (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is a book that I would guarantee to provide some kind of intellectual escape route to any reader who will reach the end of its first chapter. I hold no particular brief for the style in which it is written—it has always surprised me how prone naturalists are to the purple patch, but I do recommend to you the matter of the book, and the extraordinary vista of wild and remote life that it offers. Mr. Farley Mowat was fifteen when, travelling by train in his native Canada, he saw for the first time the amazing spectacle of *la Foule*, the yearly migration of innumerable herds of caribou, which are the reindeer of the Canadian North.

It was not just a sight to be seen from the window of the passing train. The relentless flood of caribous in their tens of thousands stopped the train itself, which had to halt for more than an hour till the herds had passed in a river of caribou about half-a-mile wide that left behind it a wide highway beaten in the snow. This was in 1935, and when he grew up Mr. Mowat was on active service in Europe. It was not until 1946 that he got back to Canada, and not until a year later that he was able to head for the Barrens, and from there to the interior where he would find the country of the deer and the vanishing race of inland Eskimos who lived from them.

Of this country, Mr. Mowat gives an unforgettable picture, but it is when he writes of its inhabitants, vanishing through lack of the barest necessities of life, that his book reaches its full stature.

One thing that seems fairly well established about Mr. Noel Barber is that he likes to travel. He is now the editor of the *Continental Daily Mail*, a job that keeps him fairly closely beside his desk in Paris, but, nevertheless, he managed last year to visit Italy, Greece, Egypt, Indo-China, Malaya, India and America. Not, one would have said, a very restful type, but then, possibly repose is not the first *desideratum* among editors. In any case, Mr. Barber's new book, FIRES OF SPRING (Geoffrey Bles. 16s.), is mainly concerned with the first thirty years of his life and with the endeavour of a man "to find his own unimportant little corner in the world." It need hardly be added that Mr. Barber is a practised hand at presenting the tale of his adventures with just the informality of manner that makes them seem a part of a tale told by a traveller.

SHERLOCK HOLMES RE-BORN: Adrian Conan Doyle (seated), son of the great Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and John Dickson Carr, who are collaborating on a new series of Sherlock Holmes stories.

Lord Milner's is one of the greatest names in British Imperialism, a name without which no comprehensive survey of the subject could be written, and in his study, *The Evolution of British Imperialism*, M. Vladimir Halperin has given the statesman his true place. LORD MILNER AND THE EMPIRE (Odhams. 21s.) is an important work and it has the distinction of having been written by a distinguished French scholar.

The imprint of Milner's thought and purpose upon a whole generation who took their inspiration from him was a great contribution to the shaping of the British Commonwealth of to-day. What history's judgment on him will be may be largely influenced by events themselves. If the British Commonwealth breaks up he will only be remembered as a man who fought bravely but in vain against a tide that was too strong for him. If, in some modified form, it holds together and helps to shape the future of the world, then Lord Milner will be remembered as one of the greatest in the long line of British statesmen.

The astonishing variety of Mr. Robert Paynes' interests, which has already inspired books of verse and of fiction, books on Dr. Mossadeq's Persia and on Darius, books on the sin of pride down the ages, books on oriental policy and on General Marshall, now presents us with a still different subject, approached in a still different mood. Clarity of exposition, in fact, is one of the few attributes that is constant in Mr. Payne's style from work to work.

THE FATHERS OF THE WESTERN CHURCH (Heinemann. 21s.) is, to put it bluntly, a quite extraordinary book, and perhaps the most unusual thing about it is the easiness with which it may be read. In the nineteenth century works of this kind had, if not a limited, at least a specialised reading public, but Mr. Payne has written of the saintly leaders of the Church, bishops, theologians, missionaries and martyrs in such a way as to make them, their ideas and their dogmas perfectly comprehensible to the ordinary reader.

FLETCHER'S FOLLY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is announced with a certain cheerful nonchalance as "another book of garden gossip," and, indeed, that phrase fits it as well as anything I can find for it. Mr. H. L. V. Fletcher has written a book of this kind before which found much favour with those two equally literate classes: the people who have gardens and wish to read about other people's, and those who have no gardens but still wish to read about other people's. The present book, which is of the kind that might make an excellent birthday present, is divided up into monthly chapters from January to December, in a plan that seems to have been chosen rather arbitrarily for neatness's sake, since the calendar date does not stop Mr. Fletcher, I am glad to say, from discoursing on a subject belonging strictly to another month.

Mr. Paul Tabori's new novel is melodramatic but not unconvincing; the story of a light young woman's death in her flat in Paris. PERDITA'S END (Cassell. 9s. 6d.) has many of the elements that used to go to make up the old-fashioned, highly-coloured novel: the woman of no reputation, the English diplomat, the middle-aged amoralist and the heavy-footed detective. In point of fact, it is neither old-fashioned nor particularly highly-coloured in its final effect, although by its nature it treats of violence and sudden death in bars and *bistros*. The novel's chief value lies in the careful painting of the familiar scenes, and in the realism, seldom overdone, of the settings against which the action is played. A possible fault is that one cannot feel any sympathy for the characters, whether pursued or pursuing, but the plot is well contrived.

TIME TO HEAL (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Warwick Deeping's new novel and must be nearly the seventieth by this consistently rewarding writer who has two of the novelist's secrets so well in his head: to tell a good story and to make your reader eager to follow it. The present book is concerned with the rivalry between two young men in an English country village, one the squire's son, good-looking and a bully, and the other the doctor's son, intelligent but shy. Both of them are in love with the same girl, and when she marries the arrogant youth the other remains faithful to his dream of her. In the end an act of violence frees her from the marriage she has come to hate, and she turns to the gentler man who has yet been capable of that violence.

As you will see, there is nothing either startling or even ingenious about the story; its especial quality lies in its telling and in the warmth with which Mr. Deeping illuminates and enlivens his characters.

Mlle Françoise d'Eaubonne has written a swashbuckling novel set in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and recounting the fortunes of four men who resolve to travel the world together following, not necessarily their fortunes, but a lusty way of life that will satisfy their respective cravings for adventure, music, sailing, fighting and love-making. A FLIGHT OF FALCONS (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is a little overwhelming unless one is in the exact mood for it, mentally balanced and physically eupeptic. Otherwise, it is rather apt to hit one for six with its rushes of windy words and actions. However, an enthusiastic new writer is always an event, and the translation by Naomi Walford is more than adequate.

DEATH OF NO LADY (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is the pick of this week's detective stories, being an ingenious, occasionally amusing and not too improbable account of a series of robberies, one with violence, that take place among a group of ostensibly well-behaved people. Mr. Seldon Truss has a light hand and a deft one with fiction of this sort, and I greatly enjoyed the antics of his Horrible Schoolgirl, which added at least one form of low comedy to the proceedings.

There is also a welcome re-issue of MALICE AFORETHOUGHT (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), first published twenty-one years ago, and just as superlative a detective, or, rather, a murder story, as on the day when Francis Iles wrote its last page. Recommended, if you have missed it before.

A MILLER IN WARDOUR STREET

J. Arthur Rank and British Filmdom

J. Arthur Rank, flour-milling magnate, millionaire, Methodist, and Yorkshireman, came by the merest chance between the wars to be linked with the British film industry, and, by a curious combination of circumstances, the comparatively early death of John Maxwell (Czar of Associated British), the death of Oscar Deutsch (of Odeon) and the death of C. M. Woolf, his chief associate, the flour miller became the king-pin of Wardour Street. In MR. RANK (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.) Alan Wood, an Australian journalist, surveys this extraordinary venture, the emergence in an unfamiliar setting of the man who in a decade became the biggest force in British films, the owner of Pinewood and Denham Studios, of the Gaumont and Odeon circuits, with interests in every branch of the business, even the manufacture of cinema seats, and a film empire valued at £50,000,000. Rank did not know at first what to make of filmland, and he clearly mystified the men of Wardour Street. Somehow or other Mr. Wood also does not find Mr. Rank easy to explain, and his personality does not shine very clearly from these well-documented pages in which, however, we are taken with unerring skill through the tortuous mazes of film finance with all its monopolistic manifestations. Perhaps Mr. Wood has tried too hard to present Mr. Rank as a very homely man of modest tastes, with little of the Napoleonic flair. There may be some truth in that conception, but the suspicion remains that he has not really delved deep into the recesses of the mind of a very remarkable personality who, as Sir Alexander Korda has said, held up the British film industry when there was nobody else to do it.

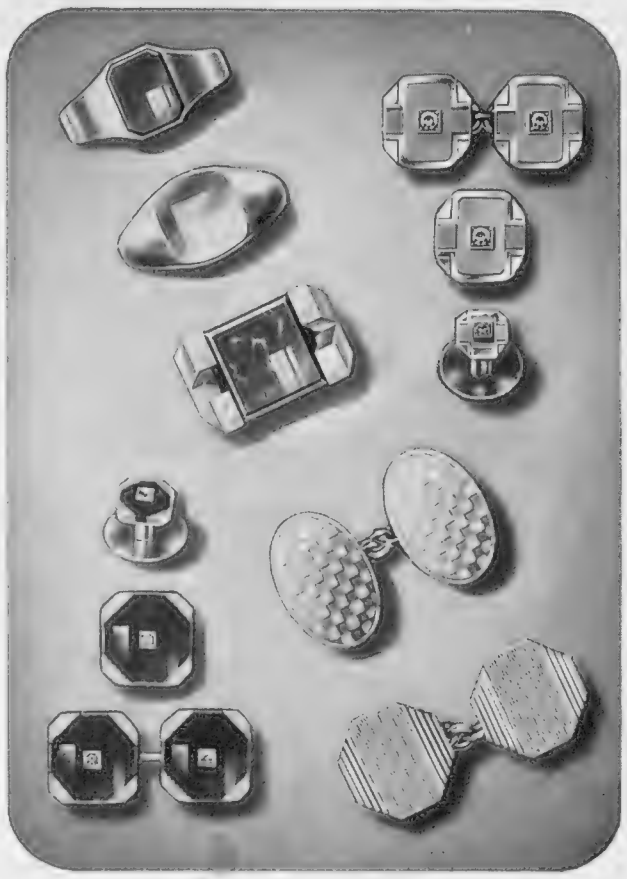
Distracted by his symbolism and disturbed by his want of logic many readers of William Blake, who have perhaps enjoyed the Songs of Innocence and Experience, are discouraged when they come to the so-called Prophetic Books, and they rather naturally abandon the effort. In modern times, however, the poet of Golden Square has found a skilful interpreter in Max Plowman, the American edition of whose essays was read by a few people in this country in 1927. Plowman's volume AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF WILLIAM BLAKE is now published in London (Victor Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), and right welcome it is. Here is one fine passage from a book which is full of good writing and a deep underlying discernment, and which for many indeed may open up new vistas. "Blake cannot be classed. He was the most independent artist that ever lived. He had his own sources of inspiration (so peculiar and strange that no one else had dared to drink from them), his own strange technique, his own method of printing, his own method of illustrating, and his own secret way of reproducing his illustrations. He did everything for himself—including lighting his own fire and fetching his own beer. Little wonder then that his work is strange and seems to possess individuality in unique degree, and less wonder that it fails to conform with accepted ideas of what it could, would, might or should have been." To follow Mr. Plowman's line can be a most rewarding experience, but he needs careful following despite his glowing prose, for the way can be tortuous.

No one could be better fitted to write the story of Fleet Street and district than the man who wrote *The Street of Adventure*, Sir Philip Gibbs. In THE JOURNALIST'S LONDON (Allan Wingate. 15s.), Sir Philip traces the history of newspaperland from the days of the first broadsheets, and, like other volumes in "The Londoner's Library," his book is appropriately illustrated, in part from old prints, drawings and cartoons. There is no mention in this volume either of THE SPHERE or *The Illustrated London News*, which is curious, for illustrated journalism was born in the Fleet Street area. Sir Philip is more concerned with the thundering presses of the big dailies and with the many and varied personalities who have kept them supplied with the written word. With the one exception already stated, it can be said that he has done a difficult job marvellously well.

Here is a book which originated in the author's exasperation at the nonsense so often talked both for and against certain sorts of modern painting. In VISION AND TECHNIQUE IN EUROPEAN PAINTING (Longmans. 18s.), Brian Thomas seeks to show how all painting, ancient and modern, consists of individual co-ordinations of certain fundamental principles. He writes as a practising painter.

Luigi Oliveiro, an Italian writer and poet with a highly-developed sense of humour which he allies, somewhat surprisingly, with a bent for research into foreign affairs, surveys the emergence of modern Kemalist Turkey in his new volume, TURKEY WITHOUT HAREMS (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.). This flippant sort of John Gunther will not appeal to all readers, but he has an observing eye to go with his ready wit, and his present popularity is not hard to understand.

Here is another traveller with a ribald mind and an observant eye, Mr. Alastair Gordon, whose diverting little volume, A SLIGHT TOUCH OF SAFARI (Max Parrish. 10s. 6d.) is the result of a year spent in Kenya. Like Signor Oliveiro, he chooses a flippant title, but this is no mere traveller's trifle, and his accounts of life on a Kenyan farm and in the wilds reveal a natural flair for the writer's art.



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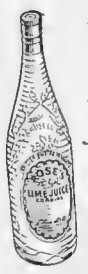

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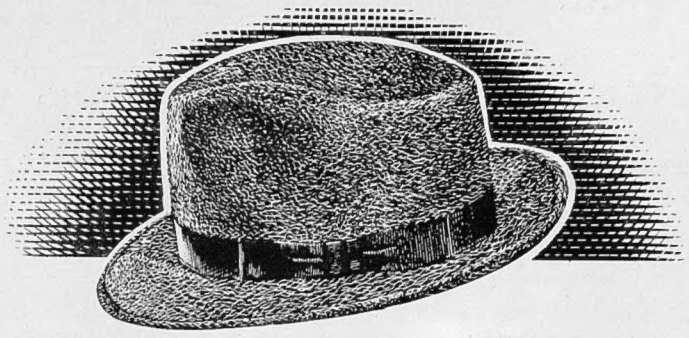

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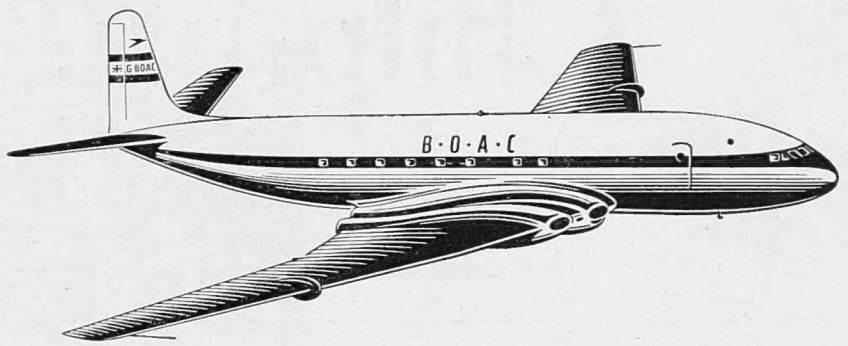

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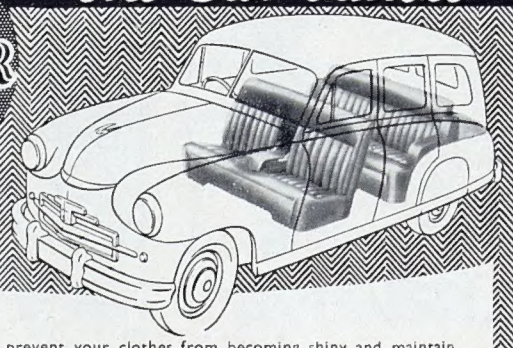

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Think of the new dishes you can discover, salads of every kind, delicious pies, creams and wonderful chilled soups. Make the G.E.C. refrigerator a partner in food preservation and preparation with dishes made in advance either the night before or in the morning, then stored in the refrigerator until ready to cook and serve.

Lovely DRINKS

Think of milk, delectably fresh—think of drinks on ice, of Chablis and Sauterne — well chilled for special occasions; of frosted sodas, sparkling punch, minted, lemony, iced tea! Think of the clink of ice in those welcome long and cool refreshing drinks. Think of all the cool and pleasant drinks that children love so well.

Lovely LOOKS

The G.E.C. refrigerator looks just exactly right in your kitchen, perfectly finished in white enamel, beautifully designed outside and inside. You will find it just as useful in the winter as in the summer. Remember: the refrigerating unit never needs attention, and is guaranteed for five years. The G.E.C. refrigerator is ready to give you perfect service, and is fully guaranteed.

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